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*September, 1845.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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In issuing the second volume of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," the Council has much satisfaction in referring to the number and variety of the contributions, to the importance of most of them (as illustrative of the works of our great dramatist and early stage-literature), and to the manner in which all tend to carry out the general objects of the Society. They show also the wide interest taken in inquiries of the kind, extending even to some of our remoter colonies.

Another gratifying point, more fully established by the present volume, is the active and persevering spirit of research generated by the continued labours of the Society. Individuals who have old books or documents in their hands have thus been induced to explore their dusty depositories; and the result has been, among other things, the discovery of several highly curious and valuable tracts by dramatic contemporaries of Shakespeare, which have hitherto remained in utter concealment. Two of these, a Pageant by Thomas Middleton, and a poem by Robert Greene (the only entire work in verse he perhaps ever wrote) are included in the ensuing pages, as too brief to form separate publications. They have never been heard of before.

The Council has also been put in possession of a printed satirical production in rhyme, by John Lanham, the distinguished actor, who was at the head of one company of the Queen's Players in 1590, and who until now has not been supposed to be an author: two unknown and unique pieces, in prose and verse, by Philip Stubbes, the early adversary of dramatic performances and other popular amusements, have likewise been transmitted from the country; but all arrived too late to be inserted in the volume now issued.

It will be seen too that some new manuscript sources of interesting information have been opened, particularly by a member who is in all respects qualified to aid the design of the Shakespeare Society.

The Council trusts that no exertions will be relaxed by the members at large, and that year after year it may be able to present volumes with increased claims to approbation. The liberality of individuals, who have impoverished their own peculiar stores for the purpose of making them generally useful, cannot be too highly estimated nor too gratefully acknowledged.

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THE  
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ART. I.—*Origin of the Induction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."*

It strikes me that I have found the original of the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew;" and my object in forwarding the present paper is that some member of the Shakespeare Society should throw farther light upon the subject.

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, iv., 117, edit. 1824, informs us that a collection of comic stories by Richard Edwards, dated 1570, and printed in black letter, contained the incidents of the Induction in question. This fact does not depend upon the statement of Collins that he had the book, but upon the assertion of Warton that he himself had seen it. He adds, that the library was dispersed, and nobody seems to have heard since of the volume. It would be singular if the amusing collection made by Edwards, and published in 1570, were never reprinted; and I apprehend that I have now in my hands a portion of a reprint of it, containing the very tale on which the Induction to Shakespeare's "*Taming of the Shrew*," and to the older "*Taming of a Shrew*," was founded. It is a mere fragment of a book, and contains no more than this story, so that we can only judge of its date by its type

and orthography: the type and orthography appear to me to be as old as about the year 1620 or 1630, and it begins upon p. 59, and ends upon p. 67. Of the orthography the reader will be able to form an opinion from what follows; and, having been a student of old books for the last twenty or thirty years, I think I can speak positively to the date of the type, which is rather large Roman letter, much worn and battered. The words, "the fifth event," at the commencement, show that four stories preceded it, but by how many it was followed it is impossible to decide. I should not be surprised if the old language of 1570 had been in some degree modernized in 1620 or 1630, but upon that point it is not necessary for me to offer an opinion.

If my conjecture be correct, that Edwards's story-book of 1570 was reprinted fifty or sixty years afterwards, and that my five leaves are a portion of that reprint, we have arrived at the source of the Induction to "The Taming of a Shrew;" for I take it for granted that Shakespeare's comedy was constructed upon the older play, in which the Induction stands, in substance, as it is given by our immortal dramatist. I subjoin a *verbatim et literatim* copy of my fragment, and I shall be happy to receive any farther information regarding it, either through "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," or otherwise.

H. G. NORTON.

Liverpool, March 4, 1845.

#### "THE WAKING MANS DREAME.

##### "*The Fifth Event.*"

"The Greek proverbe saith, that a man is but the dreame of a shaddow, or the shaddow of a dreame: is there then any-thing more vaine then a shadow, which is nothing in it selfe, being but a privation of light framed by the opposition of a thicke body unto a luminous? is there any thing more frivolous then a dreame, which hath no subsistence but in the hollow-



nesse of a sleeping braine, and which, to speake properly, is nothing but a meere gathering together of Chimericall Images? and this is it which makes an ancient say, that we are but dust and shadow: our life is compared unto those, who sleeping dreame that they eate, and waking find themselves empty and hungry; and who is he that doth not find this experimented in himselfe, as often as he revolves in his memory the time which is past? who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have been done from those that have beene dreamed? vanities, delights, riches, pleasures, and all are past and gone; are they not dreames? What hath our pride and pompe availed us? say those poore miserable soules shut up in the infernall prisons: where is our bravery become, and the glorious show of our magnificence? all these things are passed like a flying shadow, or as a post who hastens to his journeyes end. This is it which caused the ancient Comicke Poet to say that the world was nothing but an universall Comedy, because all the passages thereof serve but to make the wisest laugh: and, according to the opinion of *Democritus*, all that is acted on this great Theater of the whole world, when it is ended, differs in nothing from what hath bin acted on a Players stage: the mirrour which I will heere set before your eyes will so lively expresse all these verities, and so truly shew the vanities of all the greatnesse and opulencies of the earth, that although in these Events I gather not either examples not farre distant from our times, or that have beene published by any other writer, yet I beleve that the serious pleasantnesse of this one will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither bee unfruitfull nor displeasing.

“ In the time that *Phillip* Duke of *Burgundy* (who by the gentlenesse and curteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of good) guided the reines of the country of *Flanders*, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnesse, rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after

this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

“Being in *Bruxelles* with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this mans drunkenesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superior and inferiour *Germany*, that divers, making glory and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was invironed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous than that which *Dionysius* the Tyrant used towards *Democles*, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marvellous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuosest parts of his Pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilest hee settles his drinke the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

“In the morning, this drunkard being awake drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a Paradise, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he beleeves not his eyes, but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame.

“ Assoone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely apparelled, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlaine, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest : they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a Sovereigne Prince ; they serve him bare headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

“ This fellow, affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be enchantment or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him : he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their Sovereigne Prince (Phillip with Princely delight beholds this play from a private place) ; divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which hee grants with such a countenance and gravity, as if he had had a Crowne on his head all his life time.

“ Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well. The table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich Canopie : he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Dukes meales ; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the Majesty which he represented made him refraine. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things : they led him to walke about the great Chambers, Galleries, and Gardens of the Pallace (for all this merriment was played within the

gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke and the principall of his Court): they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therin, and talked to him thereof as if they had all beene his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoone in all kind of sports; musicke, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some State matters, whereunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right Twelfetide King.

“ Super time approaching, they aske this new created Prince if he would please to have the Lords and Ladies of his Court to sup and feast with him; whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his dignity unto such familiarity: neverlesse, counterfeiting humanity and affability, he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then, towards night, was led with sound of Trumpets and Hoboyes into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the Torches shined in every corner, and made a day in the midst of a night: the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat. The service was magnificent; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilst mouthes found their food in the dishes. Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carousses begin after the manner of the Country; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the Owle is assaulted by all the Birdes, when he begins to soare. Not to seeme uncivill, he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects. They serve him with very strong wine, good *Hipocras*, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yeilded to deaths cousin german, sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of his reason and all his other sences.

“ Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng

of his Officers to have the pleasure of this mummary, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardnesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke *Philip* had thereto appointed, ha ! said he, my friends, what have you done ? you have rob'd mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. Then, very well remembring all the particulars of what had passed the day before, he related unto them, from point to point, all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to bee a dreame. Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought : the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those Courtiers who had been present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleieve it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame ; but when Duke *Philip*, who would have the full contentment of this pleasant trickes, had shewed him the bed wherein he lay, the cloathes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the Hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleieve what hee saw, imagining that all this was meere inchantment and illusion.

“ The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family ; and, taking an occasion thereon to make an Oration unto his Courtiers concerning the vanity of this worlds honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake, and a meere dreame, and that they are strucken with that

pleasant folly of the *Athenian*, who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of *Athens* to be his, and that all the Marchants were but his factors : his friends getting him cured by a skilfull Physitian of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving them thanks for this good office, he reviled them, saying that, whereas he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

“ *Harpaste*, a foole that *Senecaes* wife kept, and whose pleasant imagination this grave Phylosopher doth largely relate, being growne blind, could not perswade herselfe that she was so, but continually complained that the house wherein she dwelt was dark, that they would not open the windowes, and that they hindred her from setting light, to make her beleieve she could see nothing : hereupon this great Stoick makes this fine consideration, that every vitious man is like unto this foole, who, although he be blind in his passion, yet thinks not himselfe to be so, casting all his defect on false surmises, whereby he seeks not only to have his sinne worthy of excuse and pardon, but even of praise : the same say the covetous, ambitious, and voluptuous persons, in defence of their imperfections ; but in fine (as the Psalmist saith), all that must passe away, and the images thereof come to nothing, as the dreame of him that awaketh from sleepe.

“ If a bucket of water be as truly water, as all the sea, the difference only remaining in the quantity, not in the quality, why shall we not say, that our poore *Brabander* was a Sovereigne Prince for the space of fowre and twenty houres, being that he received all the honours and commodities thereof : how many Kings and Popes have not lasted longer, but have dyed on the very day of their Elections or Coronations ? As for those other pompes, which have lasted longer, what are they else but longer dreames ? This vanity of worldly things is a great sting to a well composed soule, to helpe it forward towards the heavenly kingdome.”

ART. II.—*Shakespeare's Bust at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

IN Article XVII. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," it is proposed that the monumental bust of our great poet, in Stratford church, should be again placed in the condition in which Malone found it. A wish to this effect is, I apprehend, felt by every worthy pilgrim to the tomb of Shakespeare; but, much as such a restoration may be desired, the attempt would, certainly, be extremely hazardous, and is, probably, impracticable. The stone, of which the monument is made, is of a very soft and friable description; the paint, of which there must be many coatings, has become completely incorporated with it, and great peril of injuring the features would be incurred, if any measures were adopted to displace the mask, which overlays and mars their delicate proportions. Some of the thick strata of white lead, which, at Mr. Malone's desire, were daubed on by the coarse brush of a common house-painter, might be removed; but it would be unsafe to attempt anything more, and this alone would be useless.

The value of this bust, both as a likeness of the poet, and as a work of art, is not, perhaps, so well known as it ought to be: as a *likeness*, we have every reason to give it our most undoubting confidence. The constant tradition of Stratford affirms that it was taken from a cast after death: Sir Francis Chantrey told me, that he was quite convinced such was the case. This eminent sculptor praised the execution of the head, but thought that the artist, in chiselling the lower part of the face, had not made sufficient allowance for the rigidity of the dead muscles about the mouth, and attributed to this error on his part the extraordinary length of the upper lip.<sup>1</sup> The opinion of its having been taken from a cast of the poet's

<sup>1</sup> To another friend Sir Francis stated, that he thought the body and hands were the work of an inferior statuary.

features, is confirmed, not only by the bald forehead, the wrinkles about the eyes, the slight fall in the cheek, the fulness about the chin and throat — all indicative of the half century of years which the prototype of the bust had recently fulfilled at the time of his death — but by the character of the head itself, which at once impresses the spectator with a conviction of its being an exact copy of an existing original, and which, like one of Shakespeare's own works, is devoid of all effort and affectation, and is beautiful in the truth and simplicity of nature. With regard to the merits of this monument as a work of art—and those merits develop themselves more and more the longer it is contemplated—I cannot do better than quote, in addition to the commendation of Sir Francis Chantrey already given, some observations on it which were written by R. B. Haydon, June 19th, 1828, in the album kept in the vestry of Stratford church :—

“The more this bust of Shakespeare is studied, the more every one must be convinced of its truth of form, feature, and expression. Some one has said—‘*If it be not a flattering, at least it is a faithful resemblance.*’ At least! The faithful resemblance of a great man is the most important part of a portrait. No ideal, or poetical conception, however elevated, could have exceeded, or equalled, the form and beauty of the upper part of the head from the eyebrows. The forehead is as fine as Raphael's or Bacon's, and the form of the nose and exquisite refinement of the mouth, with its amiable, genial hilarity of wit and good-nature, so characteristic, *unideal*, bearing truth in every curve, with a little bit of the teeth shewing at the moment of smiling, which must have been often seen by those who had the happiness to know Shakespeare, and must have been pointed out to the sculptor as necessary to likeness when he was dead. The whole bust is stamped with an air of fidelity perfectly invaluable.”

W. HARNES.

London, February 8, 1845.



ART. III.—*Did General Harrison kill "Dick Robinson" the Player?*

"When the stage was put down and the rebellion raised," writes the well-informed author of *Historia Histrionica*,<sup>1</sup> "most of the players, except Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard, (who were superannuated) went into the king's army, and, like good men and true, served their old master, though in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinson was killed at the taking of a place (I think Basing House) by Harrison, he that was after hanged at Charing-cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abusing scripture at the same time in saying—'*Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.*'"

As Basing House was taken on Tuesday, the 14th of October, 1645, and the name of Richard Robinson is found among the signatures of the players to the dedication of the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1647, there is, possibly, it has been thought, some mistake in this statement.

George Chalmers, indeed, sets the story aside in a very summary manner. "There is a story told by Mr. Malone, which is repeated by Mr. Steevens, that General Harrison killed Robinson during the civil wars; the general crying out with a fanatical tongue, when he gave the stroke of death—'*Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.*'"<sup>2</sup> But the fact is, which is more credible than the story, that Richard Robinson died quietly at London, in March 1647, and was buried, without an anathema, in the cemetery of St. Anne's, Blackfriars. The parish register expressly records that Richard Robinson, a *player*, was buried on the 23rd

<sup>1</sup> 8vo., 1699, reprinted in the first vol. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. 1825.

<sup>2</sup> Steevens, 1793, vol. i., p. 366.

March 1646-7: so that there can be no doubt about the identity of the persons.”<sup>1</sup> Mr. Chalmers is too positive. I have now to produce printed evidence of the time to show that “Robinson the player” was actually killed by Harrison, as the author of *Historia Histrionica* asserts, and at the taking of Basing House, as he thinks rather than asserts.

In that rich collection of tracts relating to the Great Rebellion, presented by King George III. to the British Museum, is a tract entitled—“*The Full and Last Relation of all things concerning Basing House, with divers other Passages; represented to Mr. Speaker and divers Members in the House. By Mr. Peters who came from Lieutenant Generall Cromwell, &c. Commanded to be printed and published according to Orders. London printed by Jane Coe 1645,*” 4o.

“Mr. Peters’ report to Mr. Speaker” begins in this way:—  
 “On Wednesday the 15th of October 1645, Mr. Peters came from Basing upon some speciall concernments of the army, and upon Thursday morning early was in the House with the Speaker and divers Members, and according to their desire gave a full relation of some things concerning Basing not mentioned in the Lieutenant Generals Letters, which was to this purpose:—

\* \* \* \* \*

“In the severall roomes and about the house, there were slaine, in view 74, and only one woman, the daughter of Doctor Griffith, who came forth railing against our souldiers for their rough carriages towards her father, who indeed did remember to him his former malignancy. There lay upon the grounds, slaine by the hands of Major Harrison (that godly and gallant gentleman) Major Cuffie, a man of great account amongst them and a notorious papist, and *Robinson the player, who, a little before the storme, was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament.*”

<sup>1</sup> Supplemental Apology, p. 178.

Hugh Peters's testimony seems decisive on this point, that *Robinson the player* fell by the hands of that godly and gallant gentleman, General Harrison, and at the siege of Basing House.

I may add here that Wenceslaus Hollar, the celebrated engraver, was one of the king's soldiers at this siege, and that every other statement made in the *Historia Histrionica* has been confirmed by subsequent discovery.

One of the principal witnesses against Hugh Peters at his trial was Dr. William Yonge. Yonge afterwards wrote the *Life of Peters* (12<sup>o</sup>, 1663) and at pp. 7 and 8 he tells us that Peters in early life "*came to be the jester (or rather a fool) in Shakespeare's company of players.*" Peters was not, therefore, likely to have been mistaken, either in the person or in the profession of *Robinson the player*. The book of jests, attributed to Hugh Peters, is well known.

As the name of Richard Robinson occurs among *The names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes*, prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare, a communication of this kind may not, I trust, be deemed out of place in a volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

P. CUNNINGHAM.

Hammersmith, 18th November, 1844.

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ART. IV.—*The Bridal Run-away : an Essay on Juliet's Soliloquy.*—Romeo and Juliet, iii., 2.

ἐν ἑκκοσι πᾶσι μέθοις νῦν.

“Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus’ mansion ; such a waggoner  
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,  
That *run-away’s* eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms untalk’d-of and unseen,” &c. &c.

Neither the turn of thought, nor the colouring of language, in this passionate effusion of wedded love, appears to me to be properly understood. The text still requires a verbal interpreter ; and, to this day, the mysterious “run-away” remains to be discovered. Warburton imagined it to mean the Day, and Steevens, the Night ; but seeing that Day has been otherwise personified in the preceding lines, and Night invoked by name, we may leave the opposite interpretations to counteract each other, and dismiss the tautology of either. Heath thinks the poet wrote “rumour,” not “run-away ;” and Mason has little doubt that we ought to read “Renomy ;” *renomée*, being, as he adds, the French for “rumour.” Without waiting to combat conjectures, neither of which commends itself to the ear or to the taste, we may add to them the uncouth emendation of Zachary Jackson, who, himself a printer and bookseller, resolves the chief difficulties of our poet’s text into “errors o’ th’ press,” and is confident that a simple transposition of the letters from “run-aways” into “unawayres” would restore the true reading, and signify the parents and neighbours of Juliet, who being equally *unawares* of her marriage, or the expected visit of her husband, would

naturally wink and fall asleep, as soon as night had drawn the curtain !

Were any of those "amendments" even plausible, we should still hesitate to disturb the original text, until found incapable of explanation, and, therefore, probably corrupt ; and of that text it may be freely admitted, that Warburton and Steevens may have missed the meaning without leaving the chance of a discovery desperate.

Of the remaining attempts at a solution, however, two only deserve to be considered : the first, that Romeo is the run-away ; the second, that the run-away is Juliet. Without stating the reasons by which either conjecture is sustained, the context will make it manifest that neither can be true. Juliet's motive for wishing *any* eyes to wink on the occasion was, that the nocturnal interview might be "untalked-of and unseen," or, (dissolving the figure) "unseen," that it might be "untalked-of." There was surely no need that Romeo should be hood-winked to ensure his silence ; and of all the eyes in Verona, Juliet's were the least likely to betray the secret.<sup>1</sup>

But the surest way of evicting every possible error is by establishing the truth ; and to this I now address myself.

The source of the obscurity which misleads us is, that the commentators have not sought the meaning of the terms and figures of the passage in *the peculiar species of poetry* to which it belongs. They have, in fact, failed to observe, that the character and language of this soliloquy is purely HY-MENEAL. Now, as every distinct class of poetry—whether the Anacreontic, the Pindaric, or the Bacchanalian—the pastoral, or the elegy, the love-song, the war-song, or the hunting-song—has each not only a subject and a mythology *sui generis*, but a suit of imagery and diction appropriate to itself, in

<sup>1</sup> Whilst the *proof-sheet* of this essay was going through the author's hands, he met with two suggested emendations, which, to complete the cycle of conjecture, and to obviate the notion of disrespect for the judgment

which particular words and figures bear a meaning modified and restricted by the nature of the composition ;—in the same manner and degree is hymeneal, or epithalamic, poetry distinguished from every other species by its own range of sentiments and its conventional phraseology. “Nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis,” is Ben Jonson’s defence of his profuse employment of the appropriate style in his two celebrated Nuptial Masks.<sup>1</sup>

There will be no difficulty, I suppose, in conceding this ; nor should I shrink from the task of sustaining, by the usual

of either of the accomplished critics, he submits to the reader with a *valeant quantum*—

“That ‘ways’ (the last syllable of ‘run-aways’) ought to be ‘Day’s,’ I feel next to certain ; but what word preceded it, I do not pretend to determine.

‘Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night!

That <sup>rude</sup>  
soon } Day’s eyes may wink, and Romeo

Leap to these arms untalked-of and unseen.’

*Remarks on Mr. Collier’s and Mr. Knight’s Edition of Shakespeare, by the Rev. A. Dyce, p. 172.*

“The right reading we take to be—

‘That *Luna’s* eye may wink.’

“When the L of *Luna* was changed into R, and made *Runa*, then sense was entirely lost ; and to give at least some meaning to the word, it was made into *Runa-way*. The corruption stood thus :—

‘That *Luna’s* eye may wink.

That *Runa’s* eye—

That *Runa-way’s* eye.’”

*Gentleman’s Magazine for June, 1845, p. 580.*

<sup>1</sup> The HYMENÆI ; or, solemnities of a Mask and Barriers at the marriage of Robert, Earl of Essex, to Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. 1605-6.

The HUE and CRY after CUPID ; or, Description of a Mask, with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington’s marriage at court. 1607-8.

method of demonstration,<sup>1</sup> my view of the particular class to which this soliloquy belongs, were the subject other than it is, or had we to deal with the literature of a period more refined

<sup>1</sup> Namely, by the collation of parallel passages, words, phrases, and sentiments, of which process one or two examples may suffice for the rest :—

I.—*The departure of Day.*

Gallop apace, ye fiery footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—*Shakespeare.*

1. Haste thee, O fairest planet to thy home  
within the western foam:

Thy tired steeds long time have need of rest.

*Spencer's Epithalamion on his own marriage.*

2. Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them night  
Some hours before it should.

*B. Jonson's Epithal. on marriage of Hierome Weston, &c.*

3. The Sun yet in our half sphere sweats;  
Yet shadows turn; noon-point he hath attained:  
His steeds will be restrained,  
But gallop lively down the western hill.

*Doctor Donne's Epithal. made at Lincoln's Inn.*

4. But, O Titan, thou dost dally;  
Hie thee to thy western valley.

*George Wither's Epithal. on marriage of Princess Elizabeth.*

II.—*The approach of Night.*

Spread thy close curtains, love performing Night, &c.—*Shakespeare.*

1. Night her curtain doth display.

*B. Jonson's Hymenæi.*

2. Now welcome, Night! \* \* \* \*  
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me:  
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap.

*Spenser's Epithal. on his own marriage.*

3. \* \* \* \* Night,  
That spreads her broad and blackest wing

and delicate. There is not a line in it which it would not be easy to parallel with others harmonising with it, altogether in sentiment, and, to a very great extent, in imagery and diction,<sup>1</sup> extracted from the hymeneal poetry of cotemporary writers. But, much as I revere the genius of Shakespeare, and willingly as I would contribute my mite towards the better understanding of his works, I had rather miss my aim, and leave his meaning at the mercy of a superficial criticism, than illustrate himself, or the characters he has drawn, at the risk of offending either the virtue or the delicacy of an age which, if not more pure in thought, is certainly more refined in expression. I would not presume to ask the reader's concurrence with the opinion that I have formed, unless, by a careful examination, I had satisfied my own mind on the subject. I may be right—I may be wrong; that is a question for others to decide. But if I have not the good fortune to obtain a suspended credit, at least, for the specific character I have assigned to the soliloquy, there is left me no alternative but either to remain silent, or to proceed under the disadvantage of the doubts and hesitation which must needs accompany my argument throughout.

This premised, I proceed with my task.

The first thing remarkable on the surface of the soliloquy is the frequent and varied invocation of Night. For brevity-

Upon the world, now comes to bring  
A thousand several-coloured Loves, &c.

*B. Jonson's Hymenæi.*

4. Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand  
On glorious day's out-facing face.

*Epithalamion Teratos, v. Sest. of Hero and  
Leander, by Marlow and Chapman.*

<sup>1</sup> It is not pretended that *all* the notions and imagery, of which the Nuptial song is susceptible, are embodied in Juliet's soliloquy; but that *none other*, than what are common to it with that species of poetry in general, are to be found there.



sake, I forbear to illustrate, with corresponding quotations from the cotemporary poets, the peculiar imagery so lavishly bestowed on this mythological personage. But a reference to the class of poems in question will, in this respect also, furnish abundant evidence that, in the composition of this piece, the mind of Shakespeare was saturated with the images of hymeneal poetry, which he has here accumulated *not without design*.

I must also observe, that the structure, no less than the spirit, of the soliloquy is distinctly hymeneal. "This poem," quoth Ben Jonson, speaking of the Epithalamion, "had for the most part *versum intercalarem*, or *carmen amabæum*; and that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song."<sup>1</sup> It was, in fact, the custom of the epithalamic poets to close every stanza, or division, with a burden, or *refrain*, which, running on some leading image, or some harmonious combination of words, was, with more or less variation, repeated, sometimes at fixed, and sometimes at irregular, intervals of the main song. The *refrain* of Spenser's Prothalamion turns upon "the Thames;" of his Epithalamion on "the echoing woods." Donne's Nuptial song, on the Earl of Somerset's marriage, reiterates the charms of "eyes and hearts;" that made at Lincoln's Inn, the "perfection of womanhood;" whilst his Epithalamion on the Princess Elizabeth's marriage rings the intercalary changes on "St. Valentine's day." Not to multiply examples, let it suffice that, whilst "Love's call to arms" is the burden of Chapman's Epithalamion Teratos,<sup>2</sup> "Night" is the reigning goddess of his song, and her he invokes in every stanza.

Juliet's soliloquy is constructed on the same intercalary principle. Four several invocations to Night, more or less varied, occur at intervals more or less regular, and realize Jonson's description of the structure of this species of

<sup>1</sup> Hymenæi.

<sup>2</sup> Hero and Leander, Sest. V.

poem.<sup>1</sup> In short, as it appears to me, this soliloquy differs in nothing from the legitimate epithalamion, but as blank verse differs from the rhymed stanza.

It is now time that we advert to the passage in which the "run-away" makes his appearance ; and if I be not greatly mistaken, its character will go far to confirm my view of the subject. It runs as follows :—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night !  
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms untalked-of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night."

In the mythology of the nuptial poem, it might be expected that Cupid would play no unimportant *rôle*. And here one might make a cheap parade of erudition, at no more cost of study than turning to the authorities quoted by Ben Jonson. As there would be, however, but little honesty in such a course, and (pending the undecided question of Shakespeare's attainments in Greek and Latin) still less advantage, I shall rest content with the authority of the great hierophant himself, who, having exhausted all the learning of the ancients on the subject, disgorged it again, with pedantic profusion, on the two Hymeneal Masks already referred to ; and has left them, laboured with all his art, as models and masterpieces in this style.<sup>2</sup> From him we find the part of Cupid on those occasions to have been peculiar and restricted. Hymen had,

<sup>1</sup> 1. "Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night."

2. "Come, civil Night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black."

3. "Come, Night! Come Romeo," &c.

4. "Come, gentle Night! Come, loving, black-browed Night!"

<sup>2</sup> With any part of this ceremonial, beyond what is strictly necessary to elucidate the matter in hand, it were impertinent to overload this

of course, a more distinguished office ; nor did he resign his ministry till, at the door of the bridal chamber, he surrendered it to his brother. Up to this point, Cupid, by concealment or flight, usually contrived to be absent ; but there it was his duty (accompanied by a crowd of Loves and Sports) to receive the married couple. Thus, in the Hue and Cry—when about to elope for the *second* time—he whispers his light-winged brethren :

“ I may not stay ;  
Hymen’s presence bids away.  
'Tis already at his night ;  
He can give you further light.  
You, my Sports, may here abide,  
*’Till I call to light the bride.*”

It was his part to illuminate the bride-chamber, and his lights were generally his own eyes and those of his sportive co-mates, kindled at the brilliancy of the bride’s:—

“ See, a thousand Cupids fly  
To light their tapers at the bride’s bright eye.”<sup>1</sup>

essay. Entirely borrowed from the ancients, it was extremely elaborate, and profoundly mythical. Whoever would inform himself in its details, as *practised in England* at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, should study the epithalamic pieces of Spenser ; the Hymenæi, and the Hue and Cry after Cupid, by Ben Jonson ; the Hymeneal Masks of Chapman, Campion, and Beaumont, on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth of England to Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine ; the Epithalamia of Wither ; the Nuptial Songs of H. Peacham ; and a short poem in Latin, by the learned Selden, on the same much celebrated occasion. Randolph, Cokayne, and Herrick may also be consulted.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Herrick’s Epithal. on marriage of Sir Clipsebie Crew. This conceit, for all its air of modern gallantry, is borrowed from the ancients :

Illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere divos,  
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.

TIBULLUS.

We must not forget, however, that if Love sometimes have eyes, he is also sometimes blind ; or rather, that there were two Cupids—one keen-sighted and fiery-eyed, as Moschus describes him,

ὄμματα δ' αὐτῶν  
δριμύλα καὶ φλογέοντα ;

the other, as described by Ben Jonson, *cæcum cupidine*. In this state of things, it is natural the vulgar opinion should be very unsettled ; and it remains to this day a moot point, whether Love have eyes or not.<sup>1</sup> In those doubts Juliet evidently shared, when, putting a suppositious case, she said—

Or, if Love be *blind*, &c.

Now this form of expression obviously implies that she had already considered “Love” in the correlative condition, and regarded him as *able to see*. But where is this to be found in the context ? We find her, indeed, wishing that the “eyes” of somebody, whom she calls “run-away,” may “wink,” in order that Romeo’s visit may be “untalked-of and unseen.” Who is this ? In the hymeneal system, none could be present with the “lovers” in the bridal chamber, except Cupid, by whose eyes it was supposed to be illuminated. But Juliet does not want their light ; partly because “Lovers can see by their own beauties ;” but chiefly, that the interview may be “untalked-of and unseen.”

Is CUPID, then, the “run-away,” the Love (in the correlative) which has eyes and can see ? So far, it is at least very probable. The *sobriquet*, by which I suppose him here designated, is founded on his mythical character, and was familiar, in one form or another, to the Greek poets, who

<sup>1</sup> *Valentine*. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thurio*. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

*Two Gent. of Verona*, i., 4.

endued him with properties, and to the English, as well as the Latin, who adopted their inventions. The characteristic alluded to, is his notorious propensity to *running away* from his mother. To this notion are to be referred the numberless medallions, intaglios, cameos, pictures, and stories, in which he is represented as captured, imprisoned, caged, fettered, and with his wings bound, crossed behind his back, or clipped with scissors, to prevent his escape. In reference to this trait, he is called by the Greeks *δραπέτης*; *δραπετίδας*; by the Latins, fugitivus, profugus, vagus; by the English, truant, deserter, wanderer, vagrant, vagabond, runagate—and why not, *run-away*, the exact translation of the Greek epithets? “Small Latin and less Greek” had surely sufficed for the construction, if copied—or the coincidence, if original—of a title so obvious and appropriate. The characteristic was familiar and popular in the classico-romantic days of Queen Elizabeth. It furnishes the machinery of two of Lylie’s court comedies, and in both the etymology of the English synonyme is distinctly suggested. “Whilst I truant from my mother,” quoth Cupid, “I will use some tyranny in these woods, and so shall their exercise in foolish love be my excuse for *running away*.”<sup>1</sup> “As for you, Sir Boy,” exclaims Venus, “I will teach you to *run away*. You shall be stripped from top to toe, and whipped with nettles, not roses.”<sup>2</sup> We lay no stress, however, on those suggestive phrases; nor need we—for the word itself, in its compound form, is used as a synonyme for Cupid, by Thomas Heywood, in that scene of his *Mask of Love’s Mistress*, where Venus, aided by Pan, discovers the fugitive in Vulcan’s smithy:—

“*Pan.* This way he ran with shackles on his heels,  
And said he would to Vulcan. O, but see  
Where he stands cogging with him.

<sup>1</sup> *Gallathea*, ii., 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Sappho and Phao.*, v., 2.

" *Venus*. Now, you *Runaway* !<sup>1</sup>

You disobedient—thou unhappy wag—

Where be the golden fetters I left you bound in ?

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll whip you for't with nettles steeped in wine."<sup>2</sup>

It must be confessed that the circumstance of Love's Mistress having been originally performed in honour of a royal birthday,<sup>3</sup> excludes it from being technically classed as a hymeneal poem. But its subject—the loves and marriage of Cupid and Psyche — is essentially epithalamic, and the treatment of it throughout so entirely of the same character, that, had not the particular occasion been specified, we should have thought it composed to celebrate some royal marriage. Compared with Jonson's hymeneal masks, it does not yield to them in learning, and far transcends them in elegance of invention and poetical beauty. I am bound, however, to shew, not merely the use of the particular word in English poetry as a synonyme for Cupid, but its use *as such* in poetry professedly hymeneal. Let us, then, turn again to the Hue and Cry of Ben Jonson ; and there, in an ode poorly paraphrased from the *Ἔπος Δραπέτης* of Moschus, we shall find the very term applied in the very sense required. Cupid had, as usual, on the approach of the nuptials, absconded. Distressed at his absence, Venus commissions the Graces to "proclaim reward to her that brings him in ;" whereupon the first Grace, addressing the ladies of the Court, exclaims—

" Beauties, have you seen this toy  
Called Love—a little boy,

<sup>1</sup> And again: "*Vulcan*. But soft! what shackled *Runaway* is this?"

<sup>2</sup> Love's Mistress, iv., 2.

<sup>3</sup> This mask, known by the several titles of Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Mask—Cupid's Mistress—Cupid and Psyche—Love's Master-piece, was first presented at Denmark House (the Queen's residence) at

Almost naked, wanton, blind,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cruel now, and now as kind.  
 If he be amongst ye, say :  
 He is Venus' RUN-AWAY."<sup>2</sup>

I believe that there can be no doubt that this RUN-AWAY is the "Run-away" of Juliet's soliloquy. Their part in the hymeneal ceremony is the same: they are both *Run-aways*; both are to be found at the proper time in the bride-chamber; and the office of both is to give light in the room. If Shakespeare's Run-away have eyes, so has the original of Moschus; and if Jonson's be blind, it is doubtful whether Shakespeare's is not in the same predicament.

But how, if the "winking Cupid" were, in those days, a familiar object in the bridal chamber, emblematic of the secrecy and silence which should keep the nuptial rites an unprofaned mystery; and if Shakespeare himself should have placed him there, a second time, to preserve the *arcana* of another clandestine marriage? The evidence of such a fact would, I presume, be conclusive. Let us then turn to "Cymbeline," where the marriage of Imogen (discovered just before the action of the play commences) was, like Juliet's, clandestine, and the inter-

an entertainment given by her Majesty, Henrietta Maria, to her royal husband, Charles the First, on his birthday, the 19th of November, 1636.

<sup>1</sup> This *blindness* is a wanton departure from the original, which gives the Run-away ὄμματα δριμύλα καὶ φλογέοντα—eyes keen and blazing; and certainly the Love that could *run away* must have had eyes to guide him. But the *ring-posey* of Ben's own inimitable MASTER STEPHEN (who "swears by Saint Peter, for sake of the *metre*") is not the only instance on record in which the temptation of a convenient rhyme has been found irresistible.

<sup>2</sup> ἔτις ἐνὶ τριοδοῖσι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἐρωτα,  
 δραπετίδας ἔμος ἔστιν.

MOSCHUS.

views between the bride and bridegroom, in like manner, stolen and secret; and there we shall find, amongst the furniture of the bride's apartment—

“ \* \* \* \* two *winking Cupids*  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.”

*Cymbeline*, ii., 4.

I have already shown that “Runaway” was what we would now-a-days call a *pet* name for Cupid; that Cupid, in the hymeneal imagery, was a necessary attendant in the bridal chamber; and I have now produced him (or rather an image representing himself and his functions) winking at the rites of a clandestine marriage. There can scarcely be a doubt, I think, that the “winking Cupid” of Imogen's bed-chamber and the *winking Runaway* of Juliet's are, if not identical, sons of the same mother. From what I can gather of the hymeneal mythology, it appears to me as if Cupid's presence in the bride-chamber was in *all* cases necessary, as signifying the love between the parties; but that in cases of clandestine marriage he was required to “wink;” i.e., neither to see, nor to give light, in order that the secret interviews of the lovers might be “untalked-of and unseen.”

And now, assuming this interpretation established, we arrive at the full hymeneal meaning of the passage; which, stripped of its conventional diction, appears to be this: Secresy is essential to our safety. Let the day, therefore, depart, and let Night spread her curtain around, and let not Cupid discharge his ministry of lighting-up the bride-chamber.<sup>1</sup> If (as painted by some) he have eyes, let them wink—i.e., be

<sup>1</sup> It is a circumstance not to be overlooked, that, in the Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet (from which Shakespeare borrowed his version of the story), NIGHT and CUPID are the only assistants at the spousal:—

“Contented both and yet—both uncontented still,  
’Till *Night* and *Venus’ Child* give leave—the wedding to fulfil.”



darkened ; for we have need of darkness, that the interview, being invisible, may be untalked-of ; and we have no need of light, because lovers can see by their own beauties. If, however (as depicted by others), he be blind, it is all as it should be : his blindness agrees with that darkness, for the sake of which the presence of night is so desirable.<sup>1</sup>

The passage, then, without any change beyond the restoration of the capital letters to their proper places, should be printed and pointed thus :—

“ Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night !  
That Run-away’s eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms untalked-of and unseen.  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties : or, if Love be blind—  
It best agrees with Night.”

And now it may be asked, how comes Juliet so conversant with the topics and diction of this class of poetry : and why, on this occasion, does she pour out her heart in its language ?

In answer to the first we may observe, that the nuptial pageant had, at that time, become common and popular in England. “ The worthy custom,” says Ben Jonson, “ of honouring worthy marriages with those noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us, to the reputation no less of our Court than Nobles ; expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travel, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personators to those for whose sake they would sustain those persons.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The thought of the blindness of Love best agreeing with the darkness of Night occurs again in the first scene of the second act of *Romeo and Juliet* :—

“ Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous Night :  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.”

<sup>2</sup> Introduction to the *Hue and Cry* after Cupid.

Our scene, it is true, lies in Italy; but it matters little whether the Italians observed the same custom or not; for Shakespeare gives to every country the manners of his own; and, on this cosmopolitan principle, he has (in common with some of his dramatic contemporaries) given proof of the habitual occurrence of such festivities in his time, by celebrating with the nuptial mask the marriage of some of his heroines.<sup>1</sup>

From the prevalence of the practice, then, it is to be assumed that Juliet had witnessed the bridal ceremonies of many of her young companions, and, like other noble persons of the day, "expressed a most real affection" to the parties by taking a character in the mask. Thus might she have caught up the topics and language appropriated to this species of poetry: and hence may be inferred her familiarity with thoughts and expressions not likely, in any other way, to have obtained entrance into the mind of an innocent and unsophisticated girl of fourteen years of age.

And why (in the second place) does she harp upon this string on the present occasion?

Alas, poor Juliet! who is there that, in the concomitant circumstances, does not see the reason? It is her bridal day; but, a bridal without its triumphs.

Ἦν γάμος, ἀλλ' ἀχόρευτος· ἔην λέχος, ἀλλ' ἄτερ ὕμνων.  
 οὐ ζυγίην ἱερὴν τίς επευφήμησεν αἰδός·  
 οὐ δαΐδων ἥστραπτε σέλας θαλαμηπόλον ἐννύην·  
 οὐδὲ πολυσκάρβυφ' τις ἐπεσκήρτησε χορείῃ.  
 οὐχ' ὑμέναιον δέισε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.  
 ἀλλὰ λέχος στορέσασα τελέσσει γάμοισιν ἐν ὥραις

<sup>1</sup> Miranda's, for instance, with a Prothalamion, *Tempest*, iv., 1; Rosalind's, Coelia's, and Phoebe's, with a nuptial mask, *As you like it*, v. 4. There is likewise a nuptial mask in the first act of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*; many other examples will suggest themselves to the dramatic reader.

σιγή παστὸν ἔπηξεν, ἐνυμφοκόμησε δ' ομίχλη,  
καὶ γάμος ἦν ἀπάνευθεν ἀειδομένων ὑμεναίων.  
νύξ μὲν ἔην κείνοισι γαμοστόλος.<sup>1</sup>

And such is the predicament of Juliet. Her marriage is clandestine. She can have no hymeneal mask. No troops of friends led her to the church, nor followed her to the banquet. No father—no mother—gave away her hand. No minstrel sung her nuptial hymn; and the hour that should conduct her all glorious to the bride-chamber finds her alone, unfriended, without countenance, without sympathy. Is it any wonder, then, that the absence of those festive rites, which, under happier auspices, would have given splendour to her nuptials, should recall them to her imagination, and—with the vision—bring vividly to her memory the sentiments appropriated to such occasions, and the very turn of expression which they had habitually acquired? Nay, is it not of the very essence of our nature, that, pacing that solitary chamber, while the twilight was thickening into darkness, and the growing silence left the throbbings of her heart audible, she should brood over the impassioned imagery of the Bridal Song, and

<sup>1</sup> It is much to be regretted that Marlow and Chapman, in their spirited paraphrase of the Hero and Leander of the later Musæus, left this striking passage untouched. It is thus rendered into Latin by Whitford:—

“Tæda, sed absque choro; thalamus fuit, at sine cantu.  
Conjugium nullus celebravit carmine vates,  
Nec fax ulla tori genialis prævia luxit.  
Non agili juvenes circumsiluère choreâ,  
Nec pater et mater natis cecinère hymenæum;  
Sed thalamum ornarunt taciturna silentia noctis,  
Atque maritales sponsam obduxère tenebræ;  
Et non cantatis se conjunxère Hymenæis.  
Sola fuit lecti Nox conscia.”

give it a half-unconscious utterance? Poor Juliet! She had nobody to sing this song for her. It bursts spontaneously from her own lips.

I cannot but think that this view invests the passage with a melancholy charm, unsurpassed in its pathos by any situation in the whole range of the drama, except, perhaps, that of Iphigenia at the sacrificial altar. It is scarcely possible, indeed, that it can ever again awaken emotions so intense as it must have kindled in the days of Elizabeth and James; because its language does not call up in our minds the same associations as in the minds of our ancestors. The Hymeneal Mask has vanished from our customs, and its idiom has become a dead letter. To us the language is not a suggestion, but a study: to them it was fraught with a peculiar significance, and every image was coupled with an every-day reality. The very opening lines—so essentially epithalamic—must have conjured up, to an auditory in whose ears the phraseology was as “familiar as household words,” the whole “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of honoured wedlock; and they would have instinctively imagined the magnificent and joyous solemnities that should have blessed the union of the only daughter of the rich and noble Capulet with the only son of the no less noble and wealthy Montague. But what was the scene before their eyes? Where was the bridal escort? where the assembled friends of “both their houses?” where the crowd of gay and gallant youths who should have homaged the beauty of the bride—and where, oh, where, the maidens that were her fellows to bear her company? Of all the customary pageant, but one solitary figure—the figure of the bride herself—is to be seen. All is solitude, and darkness, and silence. But one sound breaks the unnatural stillness—the voice of that sweet, lonely girl, who—like the young bird timidly practising, in the unfrequented shade, the remembered song of its kindred—“sits darkling” in her sequestered bower, and eases her impassioned heart in snatches of *remem-*

*bered song*, which, in *her* mind, too, are associated with her situation.

And what a song it is !—sweet as the nightingale's that

“ Nightly sings on yon pomegranate tree ;

and ardent as, when in Eden,

“ the amorous bird of night

Sung Spousal ; and bid haste the evening Star

On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp :”<sup>1</sup>

but it is sad and ominous withal ; and, to the auditor familiar with its import, as portentous and melancholy as the fatal descant which, in poets' ears, preludes the departure of the dying swan. The loves of Hero and Leander were (as we have seen) presaged to an evil issue by the absence of the usual festive rights : a similar defect forebodes to those of Romeo and Juliet a like unhappy destiny.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Though the *Paradise Lost* be not a hymeneal poem, this passage, in which the poet properly treats a hymeneal subject in the appropriated style, might have been adduced, at page 3, as an additional illustration of the hymeneal character of the passages there quoted from the soliloquy. The same observation applies to a passage in the *Tempest*, just preceding the *Prothalamic Mask* in the first scene of the fourth act, where Ferdinand, having obtained Prospero's consent to his marriage with Miranda, disclaims any thought of anticipating the day

“ When he shall think or Phœbus steeds are foundered,  
Or night kept chained below.”

<sup>2</sup> The lively and cheerful images of this soliloquy are in striking contrast with the situation of the speaker, and serve to heighten the pity with which we anticipate the fate of the lovely and unconscious victim. By a similar resort to this *lightning before death*, the poet has, at a later period of the action, skilfully filled the mind of his hero with happy dreams and joyful presages, which throw the approaching catastrophe into deep and dark-shadowed relief:—

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

What heart in the auditory but must have been smitten with compassion for the bride? What eyes could have withheld from the poet the tribute of a flood of tears?

To my mind, this passage possesses, independently of its natural beauty, an artistical charm worthy of the highest admiration: that consummate skill, I mean, with which the poet has contrived to pour forth from the lips of his young, and innocent, and enthusiastic heroine, the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the most ardent passion, without overstepping the truth of nature, or leaving on the maidenly pureness of her character the slightest stain of immodesty. The feelings proper to her passion and situation are undoubtedly her own; but the *expression* of them is *suggested by external circumstances*, and the *language* in which they are clothed *unconsciously borrowed from the conventional vocabulary* used on such occasions by the noblest in the land, and in the hearing of the most virtuous.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the art—such the inexhaustible resources—of that poet, whom the *civilized* world at one time deemed an UNTUTORED BARBARIAN!<sup>2</sup>

N. J. HALPIN.

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;  
And, all this day, an accustomed spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead, &c.

*Romeo and Juliet*, v. i.

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson informs us that it was "the most royal Princes, and greatest persons," who were "commonly the personators of these actions."  
—*Introduction to the Hymenæi*.

<sup>2</sup> The *critics* of France pronounced the sentence, and the *wits* of England bowed to the decision. But that was in "the *Augustan* age" of both those literary empires.

ART. V.—*John Wilson, the singer, in "Much ado about Nothing," a musical composer in Shakespeare's Plays.*

Since I wrote the note on a passage in "Much ado about Nothing," Act ii., sc. 3, some farther information has reached me respecting John Wilson, the singer of the song in that play—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," &c.

which information, I think, is worthy a place in the Papers of the Shakespeare Society. It will be remembered, perhaps, that in the 4to, 1600, of "Much ado about Nothing," the stage direction in the scene referred to is, "Enter Balthazar with music:" in the folio, 1623, besides some other changes of no consequence for our present purpose, it is, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson," which ascertains that Jack Wilson was the performer of the part of Balthazar, and the singer of the song.

Hitherto it does not seem to have been known, that John Wilson was not merely a singer, but a composer, and in all probability the composer of "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," as sung by him in the character of Balthazar. He certainly was the composer of the song in "Measure for Measure," Act iv., sc. 1,

"Take, O! take those lips away," &c.,

as is proved by a book of manuscript music, as old in some parts as the time of the Civil Wars, although in others it seems to have been written in the reign of Charles II. That song is there found with Wilson's name at the end of it, as the author of the music: unluckily the manuscript says nothing regarding the authorship of the words, or we might from thence have been able to decide by whom they were written. As it is, the case stands precisely thus: one stanza

is found in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," while both are inserted in Beaumont's and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," Act v., sc. 2; but, on the other hand, both are imputed to Shakespeare in the edition of his poems, printed in 8vo., 1640. There is no doubt, however, that John Wilson was the composer of the song; and, as he certainly belonged to the company of players to which Shakespeare was attached, it may slightly strengthen the belief that one member of the association wrote the words of a song, to which another member wrote the music, especially when, as far as we know, it was not Shakespeare's practice (though it was that of some dramatists of his time) to adopt into his plays songs which had been written by others for other performances.<sup>1</sup>

We are without the same positive proof that Jack Wilson was the composer of—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,"

in "Much ado about Nothing;" but, as he was the singer of it, it may not be too much to presume that he wrote the

<sup>1</sup> As one proof out of many, the song inserted at the end of Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," in the edition of 1640, may be mentioned. It begins—

"O, for a bowl of fat canary!"

and is in fact borrowed from Lily's "Alexander and Campaspe," as given in the impression of 1632. This is a circumstance not pointed out in the Rev. Mr. Dyce's edition of Middleton's Works, published in 1840, who seems, in this respect, merely to have followed the last impression of Dodsley's Old Plays, where the song is appended to Middleton's comedy for the first time. As "O, for a bowl of fat canary" is not found in the ancient editions of "Alexander and Campaspe" in 1584 and 1591, it was, very possibly, not by Lily, but it is quite clear that it was not by Middleton. Some other song-writer produced it, and it was employed both in "Alexander and Campaspe," and in "A Mad World, my Masters," because it was appropriate to both.



music which he sang. He may have been the singer, also, as he unquestionably was the composer, of .

“Take, O! take those lips away;”

but, according to the folio 1623, in which the play was for the first time printed, it was sung by a boy. “Enter Mariana and Boy singing” is the old stage-direction.

The manuscript from which the information is derived that John Wilson was a musical composer, and the composer of the song in “Measure for Measure,” was the property of the late Earl Ferrers, and was long preserved at his seat, Staunton Harold; but it has since, if I am correctly informed, become the property of an individual every way qualified to judge of its merits and to appreciate its value. In connection with Shakespeare, I may add, that the same manuscript contains Ariel’s song in “The Tempest,” act i., sc. 2—

“Full fathom five thy father lies,” &c.,

the words tallying precisely with the received text, but unfortunately not accompanied by the music; otherwise, as in the case of “Take O! take those lips away,” we might have known the very air to which that exquisite dirge (so to call it) was sung, when “The Tempest” was produced, as I suppose and believe, in the year 1610. Ben Jonson’s song—

“Still to be neat, still to be drest,” &c.,

is in the same manuscript with the music, but without the name of any composer. Beaumont’s and Fletcher’s musical dialogue, which they used twice over, in “The Knight of the Burning Pestle,” act iii., sc. 1, and in “The Captain,” act ii., sc. 2—

“Tell me, dearest, what is love,” &c.,

is also there, and assigned to Robert Jones, the well-known composer.

As the name of Jack Wilson, however subordinately, must for ever be associated with that of the great dramatist whose songs he was called upon to compose and sing, it will not be out of place here to subjoin a set of words (found likewise in some of the miscellanies of the day) to which he wrote the music, and which is included in the manuscript, formerly the property of Earl Ferrers: they run thus:—

## SONG.

“Some say my love is but a man,  
Yet I can find more odds  
Twixt him and others, than I can  
Find twixt him and the gods.

“There’s in his eye such majesty,  
His form is so divine,  
That were I owner of the world,  
He only should be mine.”

Other musical productions in the same interesting volume are by Henry Lawes, Robert Johnson, W. Lawes, Robert Jones, Thomas Atkins, &c., but they are in no way illustrative of Shakespeare.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Kensington, May 17, 1845.

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ART. VI.—*A few words on a mistake made by the Messrs. Chambers in their Cyclopædia of Literature, relating to Damon and Pythias.*

My love for our old English drama is the sole reason of my pointing out a trifling mistake which occurs in Messrs. Chambers' recent valuable compilation, "The Cyclopædia of English Literature;" but as it relates to a period when our drama was quite in its infancy, I feel that I may be excused for alluding to it.

At page 164 of the first volume of the Cyclopædia, it is stated that "'Damon and Pythias,' the first English tragedy upon a classical subject, was acted before the Queen at Oxford in 1566:" that "Damon and Pythias" was the first tragedy on a classical subject, and that it was produced very shortly after "Ferreus and Porreus," there can be no doubt; but there is hardly sufficient evidence to show that it was performed before the Queen in 1566: in fact, I believe I am justified in asserting that the tragedy of "Damon and Pythias" was not performed upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to Oxford in 1566.

It is true that her Majesty witnessed the performance of a play which was written by Richard Edwards, the author of "Damon and Pythias," during her stay at Oxford, but the play represented was "Palamon and Arcite," a production which Messrs. Chambers have never taken any notice of, and which I think is worthy of being recorded, inasmuch as the circumstances connected with its representation are of a very interesting nature, and which I shall allude to before I close this article.

In the Harleian MS. 7033, f. 139, (Neal's visit of Queen Elizabeth to Oxford) we find that, on the 2nd September, 1566, *the first part of "Palamon and Arcite"* was performed before the Queen, and the remainder was acted on the 4th:

this is recorded also by Stowe, who adds that the pressure of the crowd to witness the performance of this play being so great, part of the wall fell in, and several persons were killed, which circumstance grieved her Majesty very much. The performance of "*Palamon and Arcite*" is also mentioned by Miss Strickland in her "*Lives of the Queens of England*," vol. 6; and she says, upon the authority of Anthony Wood, that, at the conclusion of the play, her Majesty sent for the author and gave him great praise, analyzing the characters of *Palamon*, *Arcite*, *Pirithous*, *Trecotio*, *Emilia*, &c. The performance took place in Christ Church Hall, and at which the following circumstance occurred: the part of the gentle Emilia was played by a handsome youth of about fourteen years old, and he contrived to obtain possession of some part of the dress of her Majesty's late sister and predecessor (Queen Mary); whether Elizabeth recognized the royal apparel or not does not altogether appear, but it is certain she was much pleased with his performance of the *doubly-loved Emilia*, and in token of her approbation she presented him with gold pieces to the value of eight pounds.

This tragedy was not written till after "*Damon and Pythias*;" but, according to an old theatrical dictionary, published in 1792, by Thomas Bladon, it was not printed till 1585, nearly twenty years after it had been performed before the Queen.<sup>1</sup> Sir John Harrington, in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," speaks in great praise of the author, who was no less celebrated for his verses than his plays. The story of *Palamon*

<sup>1</sup> This old theatrical dictionary is a work of no authority, and the compiler merely derived his information respecting "*Palamon and Arcite*," from Chetwood, who asserted what is untrue. "*Palamon and Arcite*" was never printed, either in 1585 or in any other year. Henslowe's Diary contains various notices of a play founded upon the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, and this may have been the foundation of "the Two Noble Kinsmen." See Shakesp. Soc. Edit. of Henslowe's Diary, pp. 41, 43, 44, and the notes.—J. P. C.

and Arcite forms one of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, from which doubtless Edwards took the plot of his tragedy; it is rather a curious circumstance that Fletcher should have selected the same subject within a few years after the production of Edwards's tragedy. "The Two Noble Kinsmen," written by Fletcher, who was supposed to have been assisted in its composition by his great master Shakespeare, was professedly taken from the same story; the assertion that Shakespeare was concerned in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," notwithstanding his name appears on the title-page, seems a point which is involved in considerable doubt, for, at the time that this play was written, Shakespeare had composed some of his most beautiful dramas, and the play of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" does not appear to be in any way superior to the other productions of Beaumont and Fletcher, certainly not at all approaching to the divine attributes of our true poet; and it hardly seems likely that Shakespeare should have wished to have his name mixed with one who was in every way inferior to him.

J. H. BAVERSTOCK.

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ART. VII.—*Conjectures on some of the corrupt or obscure passages of Shakespeare.*

Forty or fifty years ago, commentatorship on England's greatest poet was much over-valued; but the danger now is lest the elucidation of Shakespeare should be unduly despised. Some passages in his works are still so corrupt as to defy the most ingenious conjecture; but a few of them have been happily converted not only into sense, but into poetry. Such is Theobald's alteration of Falstaff's death-scene—"a babbled of green fields." This phrase has passed almost into a proverb; but all the old editions of Shakespeare read, "a table of green fields," which means nothing. How many of us think we are quoting Shakespeare when we say of Music—

"O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south;"

whereas the poet's text is "the sweet sound," which Pope felicitously changed to "South." Dr. Johnson altered Macbeth's prosaic "way of life"—

"My way of life

Is fall'n into the sear and yellow leaf,

to the poetical "May of life."<sup>1</sup> Everybody remembers the following beautiful description of poetry in "Timon of Athens;" but Pope and Johnson ought to share the credit of it with Shakespeare:—

"*Poet.* Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' th' flint

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Douce is of opinion that *sound* is right, and Mr. Gifford thinks that Shakespeare wrote *way of life*, that being (he says) a phrase of the times. It is a phrase of all times; but Shakespeare was, at that time,

Shows not till it be struck : our gentle flame  
Provokes itself."

The old copies of Shakespeare read—

"Our poesy is as a gowne which uses."

Can anything be more unpoetical? Pope discovered the *gum*, and altered *uses* to *issues*. This was very happy; but Dr. Johnson came afterwards, and more happily suggested *oozes*.<sup>1</sup> Within the past year or two, Mr. Singer has made a most fortunate correction of the following line in "Timon of Athens," upon which the commentators had wasted whole pages:—

"It is the pasture lards the brother's sides."

He strikes out the *b*, and we have *rother*, a provincial word to this day for horned cattle. And we are indebted to Bishop Warburton, the most arbitrary, but the most sagacious of critics, and who had come nearest to the last restoration by suggesting *wether*, for reading in "Hamlet," "If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *God-kissing* carrion," instead

writing poetry, not prose. Mr. Collier retains this, and Mr. Knight both these, unmeaning words; but the stage and the public voice will ever cry *South* and *May*.

<sup>1</sup> Here both Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight adopt the amendments. Will it be believed that anybody should prefer the old *gown*? Mr. Knight tells us that Professor Tieck, the German novelist, does, and thus explains it: "The art, the flattery of this poet of occasions, which is useful to those who pay for it. The expression is hard, forced, and obscure, but yet to be understood." Not by me, especially *with* the interpretation. I suspect that the Professor thought that *uses from* meant *being useful to*. We are very grateful to these Germans for their high opinion of our great poet; but it is impossible for a man to be a competent verbal critic in any language but his own.

of a "*Good*," as the old copies have it: "a noble emendation (Dr. Johnson calls it) which almost sets the critic on a level with the authour."<sup>1</sup>

These things are almost at an end now. No literary reputation can any longer be acquired by publishing a volume of notes on Shakespeare. Commentatorship of all sorts has seen its best days. The great book-evil culminated in twenty-one octavo volumes, to which amount Mr. Reed had brought Johnson and Steevens's edition, and Mr. Boswell had brought Malone's. Mr. Collier has now published the whole of the poet's works in eight volumes, with notes sufficient to make him completely, and even learnedly, intelligible.

The following articles are not composed entirely of comments upon the commentators, or of black-letter illustrations, in addition to the too many we already possess. I do not pretend to have discovered the meaning of *prenzie*, or *arm-gaunt*, or *charge-house*, or *Ullorza*, or *cyme*, or *an-heires*, or *scamels*, or *strachy*, or *to make ropes in a scar*;<sup>2</sup> but I have ventured a guess

<sup>1</sup> This is mere pomp of words, engendered between gratitude to the man and reverence for the prelate; but it will be recollected that the commentators had not yet begun to think Shakespeare their literary superior, and that these were times when Warburton himself could speak of our great poet as follows:—

"These, such as they are, were among my younger amusements, when, many years ago, I used to turn over *these sort of writers*, to unbend myself from more serious applications."

Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight retain "*good*," and understand the dead dog to be the good kissing carrion; but this seems to me somewhat too much meaning for the words to be licensed to carry. That the Sun is the osculist, and not the dog, is confirmed by the following passage from I. Hen. IV., ii., 4; "Did'st thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" and by the phrase, "*common-kissing Titan*," in Cymbeline, iii., 4.

<sup>2</sup> A *scar* is a rock. The relieve of Shakespeare in front of the British Gallery looks as if it would be thankful to "*make a rope in such a scar*."



at *land-damn*, and *skains-mates*, and *pajock*, and I think I have had the good luck to make a few plausible conjectures in several other corrupt or obscure passages in our poet; and I deem it the first duty of every member of our Society to contribute his mite to the probable restoration of Shakespeare's text.

## THE TEMPEST.

## ACT III., SCENE 2.

"*Trinculo*. Why, thou *debosh'd* fish, thou !

It is disputed between Mr. Collier and the Rev. Mr. Dyce whether the spelling of this word should be modernized to *debauch'd*. Its etymology is contested. Beaumont and Fletcher have it *deboist*. In Baxter's "Life and Times," as late as 1664, we find *deboist* and *debauched* too. I think the original English word was *deboist*, corrupted to *debosh'd*, and then spelt *debauch'd*, out of conformity to the French word, from which it is by no means certain that we derive it. Under these circumstances, I am for retaining the old orthography; with Mr. Dyce, till more light shall be obtained.

## ACT IV., SCENE 1.

"And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a *rack* behind."

The word *rack* or *wrack* (for orthography was in Shakespeare's times arbitrary, and all the following words were spelt both ways) had three or four meanings, all of which are confounded by the *variorum* commentators:—1. The *rack*, or *reek*, the highest clouds. 2. What we now spell *wreck*. 3. To *rack*, or stretch; and 4. The *vraic*, of the Norman language, a seaweed.

## ACT. V., SCENE 1.

“*Prospero*. Now does my project gather to a head ;  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and Time  
Goes upright with his *carriage*.”

Mr. Becket says, that this means, not as Mr. Steevens would have it, “Time carries a burthen,” but “Time carries himself well—the hour is every way favourable to me.” But Mr. Steevens’s view of the word *carriage* is supported by the following passages of scripture, in the authorized translation : 1 Sam., xvij., 22 ; Acts, xxi., 15.

Mr. Becket laboured under the monomania, with which he was bitten by his idol Warburton, that Shakespeare sometimes wrote in the French language ; but neither his notes, nor Mr. Pye’s, nor Mr. Seymour’s, nor Mr. Jackson’s, should have been so very much overlooked as they have been by Messrs. Collier and Knight. Something may be gleaned from every book, even from Mr. Pye. Lord Chedworth was said to be deranged in his mind ; but there is no madness in his notes on Shakespeare. Mr. Seymour was an actor, Mr. Jackson a printer. Each of them brought his professional bias to the task : the actor was anxious only that the blank verse should not halt : the printer thought he had found a clew to the principles of press-errors, which is something like writing a book on the laws of storms.

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV., SCENE 4.

“*Julia*. Since she respects my mistress’ love so much.”

The objection in Mr. Malone’s note, that the disguised Julia is calling herself her own mistress, after the *exit* of Sylvia, may be obviated by placing the “Exit Sylvia” after this line, which Julia speaks to herself in Sylvia’s presence.

There is no *exit* at all marked in the old copies ; but the rest of Julia's speech is plainly a soliloquy.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

"*Valentine*. And that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was *mine* in Sylvia, I give thee."

This has always been a vexed passage. Sir William Blackstone would transfer the lines to Thurio, who does not enter till some time afterwards, but this is very far-fetched ; Mr. Knight to Sylvia, who (he says) has not spoken for a long time ; but this would be highly abrupt and improbable ; and, being addressed to Valentine, needs not have made Julia so unhappy, to say nothing of her fainting. Mr. Collier supposes Valentine not to have heard all that passed between Sylvia and Proteus, and to draw a conclusion against her from finding her in the forest with him. That editor, therefore, makes him withdraw, in order to get out of the view of Sylvia and Proteus, and return when he hears the exclamations of Sylvia, on the violence offered by Proteus.

Perhaps we should read—

"All that was *thine* in Sylvia, I give thee."

i.e., "I will make up my love for you, as large as the love you once had for Sylvia." But Julia, misunderstanding that this was a giving of Sylvia to her lover, faints.

I have since found Mr. Becket reading the same, but explaining it, "I will give thee all the part thou had'st in Sylvia." But Proteus never had any part in her.

Mr. Dyce would preserve the improbable reading *mine*, because Mr. and Miss Lamb, in their "Tales from Shakespeare," have adopted and extenuated it ; but everybody, who enjoyed, as I did, the intimate acquaintance of those two highly-gifted persons, knows that they never attempted to

pick the bones of verbal criticism, but took the marrow of old books, just as they found them.

### THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

#### ACT II., SCENE 2.

"*Falstaff*. I myself sometimes, having the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, you rogue, will ensconce your *rags*, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour."

Pistol, to whom this was addressed, was an ensign, and therefore *rags* can hardly bear the ordinary interpretation. A *rag* is a beggarly fellow, but that will make little better sense here. Associated as the phrase is, I think it must mean *rages*, and I find the word used for *ragings* in the compound *bordrags*, border-ragings or incursions in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," ii., x., 63, and "Colin Clout," v., 315.

#### ACT II., SCENE 2.

"*Ford*. — but cuckold, wittol-cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a name."

In a case in our law reports, Holt, C.J., said:—"To call a man a *cuckold* was not an ecclesiastical slander, but *wittal* was, for it imports his knowledge of, and consent to, his wife's adultery."—*Smith v. Wood*, 2 Salkeld, 692.

#### ACT II., SCENE 3.

"*Host*. To see thee fight, to see thee *foin*, to see thee traverse——."

Mr. Hunter doubts whether to *foin* is to *thrust*, and quotes

a passage from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, in which, he says, it was not so understood:—

“So at so sundry weapons, such passados,  
Such thrusts, such foins, stramazos and stoccados.”

The word *foins* may be tautological here; but I will furnish Mr. Hunter with a quotation, which shall be demonstrative:—

“They move their hands, stedfast their feet remain;  
Nor blow nor foin, they struck or thrust in vain.”

*Fairfax's Tasso*, vii., 55.

*Reddendo singula singulis,*

“Nor blow they struck, nor foin they thrust, in vain.”

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### ACT II., SCENE 2.

“*Isabella*. Hark! how I'll bribe you! Good my lord, turn back!

*Angelo*. How, bribe me?

*Isabella*. Ay, with such gifts that Heav'n shall share with you.

Not with fond *shekels* of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers.”

“The old copies,” says Mr. Collier, “have *sickles* for *shekels*, and Shakespeare's word may have been *cycles*.” Here for once Mr. Collier has slipped, but Mr. Dyce does not help him up, though he might have done so from one of his own books. The old copies are right. A *shekel* is a Hebrew measure of silver or gold, or anything else. The Latin word is *siclus*, and in Coverdale's Bible we find the word *sicle* and *cycle*, and

not *shekel*. So in Peele's "David and Bethsabe," *sickles* is printed for *shekels*. See Dyce's Peele, i., 311.

## ACT II., SCENE 1.

*Escalus*. Well, Heav'n forgive him, and forgive us all !  
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :  
Some run from *breaks of ice* and answer none ;  
And some condemned for a fault alone."

"Thus," says Mr. Collier, "the text stands in the old copies, which seem right, the meaning being that some escape without responsibility, even though the danger seem as imminent as when the ice breaks under them ; but Malone and others would change the expression into *breaks of vice* ; and it would be an easy corruption, if there were any necessity for a change. It is certain, as Steevens shows at large, that an old instrument of torture was called *a brake*, but not by any means certain that Shakespeare intended a reference to it."

Unless Mr. Collier's copies of the first folio differ from mine, he has not stated the old text correctly here, in the word *breaks* in favour of his own reading, and in the word *ice* against himself: for my copy reads—

"Some run from *brakes* of Ice, and answer none ;"

the word *Ice* being printed with a capital letter, which is not very usual with substantives in this volume, and which removes any suspicion of the letter *v* having dropped out. But *brakes*, meaning *tortures*, *traps*, or *thorny hedges*,<sup>1</sup> it is in my first folio, and not *breaks*. And so Mr. Knight says it is in his copy. I therefore prefer *brakes of vice* ; for the word *vice* is probable as an antithesis, not to *virtue*, which has had its antithesis in *sin*, but to "a single fault," and the breakings of

<sup>1</sup> See Singer's Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, vol. i., p. 84.

ice seems to me a very improbable image for the dangers of wickedness—not to mention that it entirely depends upon the depth of the water under the ice, whether there be any danger at all in its breaking. It should seem from the following extract from the epilogue to the “*Malcontent*,” 1604, that the word *brake* itself means a fault, a circumstance which confirms us in reading “brakes of vice.”

“Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
The slighter *brakes* of our reformed Muse,  
Who could herself herself of faults detect,  
But that she knows ’tis easy to correct.”

It is clear to me that Shakespeare wrote *brakes*; for when he comes to talk of breaking ice, as he does in two other places, the same folio spells as follows:—

“The foole slides o’er the Ice that you should *breake*—”  
“And if you *breake* the ice, and do this seeke.”

#### ACT III., SCENE 2.

“*Duke*. He who the sword of Heav’n will bear,  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go.  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame to Angelo,  
To weed my vice and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Tho’ angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most pond'rous and substantial things !"

So this passage is punctuated in all the copies, both ancient and modern. The whole is elliptical in its construction. "Worse metre [says Mr. Coleridge] and better English would be—

Grace to stand, virtue to go."

"Pattern in himself to know" means "should know," and "Grace to stand and virtue go," means, "should have grace to stand and virtue to go."

"More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing,"

means "Punishing others neither more nor less than he finds due by weighing the offences of his own self." "To weed *my* vice" means "the vice of my dominions." So that great poetical allowance must be made as to "English," all through this oracular, or choral kind of "metre."

Now comes a passage which has puzzled all the commentators, and upon which Mr. Collier has the following note:—

"Most pond'rous and substantial things!] The passage ending with this line is very difficult. It is possible that the author's brevity rendered it obscure originally, and that it has since been made worse by corruption. 'Likeness' has been construed 'comeliness,' but 'likeness made in crimes' may refer to the resemblance in vicious inclination between Angelo and Claudio. Steevens gave up the four lines as quite unintelligible, and the other commentators have not extracted much meaning out of them. We have printed the old text, as at least as good as any of the proposed emendations. The sense seems to be, 'how may persons of similar criminality, by making practice on the times, draw to themselves, as it were



with spiders' webs, the ponderous and substantial benefits of the world.'"

Approving of this interpretation of the word *likeness*, I would read—

"How may likeness, made in crimes,  
(Making) practise on the times!"

i.e., "How may the crime-made resemblance of Angelo to Claudio (in so making itself) practise on the times!" and there I would place the note of admiration, and not after "things," and begin a new sentence with—

"To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most pond'rous and substantial things,  
Craft against vice I must apply.  
With Angelo to-night shall lye  
His old betrothèd but despised:  
So disguise shall, by th' disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false-exacting,  
And perform an old contracting."

i.e., "To draw on important events by slender strings [says the Duke]—with as little a web as this to ensnare so great a fly as Cassio—I will set cunning to work against this vice;" and then he details his plot against Angelo to make him marry his betrothed mistress.

#### THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

##### ACT I., SCENE 1.

"Duke. To seek thy *help* by beneficial *help*."

This is evidently corrupt. Some of the commentators proposed *life* for the first *help*, and Mr. Steevens *means* for the second. Mr. Collier reads—

"To seek thy *hope* by beneficial *help*:"

i.e., to seek what you hope by beneficial help to acquire—

namely, money for your ransom. This is consistent with Ægeon's exclamation just afterwards :—

“Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon stand.”

Mr. Collier does not often indulge in conjecture, but I consider this a very happy one, and that he should have adopted it in his text.

#### ACT II., SCENE I.

“*Adriana*. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause.  
They can be meek, that have no other cause :  
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me.  
But if thou live to see like right hereft,  
This *fool-begg'd patience* in thee will be left.”

“She seems [says Johnson] to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that patience which is so near to idiotical simplicity, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune.”

This interpretation appears to me to be greatly constrained. May we not more simply understand, “this patience which you so foolishly beg of me will then be discarded by you?” In the second part of “*King Henry IV.*,” v., 5, we have—

“Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.”

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

“*Adriana*. Tell me, was he arrested on a *band*?  
*Dromio of Syracuse*. Not on a *band*, but on a stronger thing ;  
A chain, a chain.”

A law-bond was anciently spelt *band*.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT V., SCENE I.

*Leonato.* ——— I prithee cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel,  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such an one whose wrongs do suit with mine :  
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer ev'ry strain for strain ;  
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In ev'ry lineament, branch, shape, and form.  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
And sorrow, wag, cry *hem*, when he should groan,  
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.  
But there is no such man ; for, brother, men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air and agony with words.  
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself."

It is a pity that such a beautiful passage as this should be interrupted by one difficult line. Mr. Collier merely changes

the comma for a note of admiration after *wag!* and then says "it may be reconciled to sense." I do not like "cry *hem*." I should prefer with Mr. Knight—

"And *Sorrow, wag!* cry—hem, when he should groan."

It appears from the following two passages in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," that "*Set thee down, Sorrow!*" which very much resembles "*Sorrow, wag!*" was a byword:—

"Affliction may one day smile again, and till then  
*Set thee down, Sorrow.*"—Act i., scene 1.

"Well, *Set thee down, Sorrow!* for so, they say, the fool said; and so say I and I the fool."—Act iv., scene 3.

In the eighth line of the above passage I would complete the measure, by reading—

"And bid him speak *to me* of patience,"

which would set off well with the seventeenth—

"And I *of him* will gather patience,"

and I would restrict the twenty-fifth line to

"'Tis all men's office to speak patience,"

making "No, no," an odd line by itself.

#### ACT V., SCENE 1.

"*Claudio*. If he be angry, he knows how to turn his girdle."

"Large belts," says Mr. Holt White, "were worn with the buckle before; but, for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge."

In Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, there is a proof of this custom. But people do not fight by wrestling;

nor do they wrestle when they are angry. The challenge was to fight: to turn the girdle was to put the sword-sheath a little back, in order to draw the weapon. The proverbial expression occurs as recently as Swift's "Polite Conversation," where it plainly means a challenge to fight:—

"*Lady Answerall.* Mr. Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

"*Neverout.* Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things. Miss and I are good friends."

### LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 3.

"*Biron.* When you shall see me write a thing in rhyme,  
Or groan for love?"

Mr. Collier says—"Here we see a curious illustration of the advantage of being able to refer to different copies of the same edition of the same play. The 4to., 1598, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton, has 'Or grone for Jone,' quite distinctly printed, while that of the Duke of Devonshire has, as distinctly, 'Or grone for Love,' the word *love* being printed with a capital letter, in order to make the matter quite clear. The correction must have been made while the sheet was passing through the press. The folios adopt the misprint, and the modern editors have followed them. It also stands, 'grone for Joane' in the reprint of the play in 1631, 4to., which was made from the folio 1623."

But it is obvious that it must always be a question which is the "correction" and which the "misprint."

Mr. Hunter strongly controverts Mr. Collier's alteration; but Mr. Knight had anticipated most of his arguments. The phrase "groaning for love" occurs also in "Romeo and Juliet," act ii., scene 4. But I prefer "groan for Joan," for

a reason which has not yet been assigned, namely, that it rhymes ; and Biron has just said—

“ When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ? ”

ACT V., SCENE 2.

“ *Boyet.* O ! I am *stabb'd* with laughter ! ”

Mr. Collier calls this an awkward and unusual expression ; but it seems to me a very happy phrase to express the *stitch*, or *stick* in the side, which sometimes is brought on by laughter.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

“ O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd  
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,  
 Nor ever come in visor to my friend,  
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song :  
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce *affection*,  
 Figures pedantical : these summer flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.  
 I do forswear them ; and I here protest,  
 By this white glove (how white the hand, God knows !)  
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In russet *yeas* and honest *kersey noes*. ”

The whole of this speech being in rhyme, I would have no scruple in altering the word *affection* to *affectation*, since it would not only complete the measure but create the rhyme, and we find in other passages of Shakespeare that the word *affectation* was in use by him, as well as *affection* for *affectation*. I see that Lord Chedworth and Mr. Knight are of the same opinion.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

“ *King.* The extreme parts of Time extremely form  
 All causes to the purpose of his speed ;

And often, at his very loose, decides [decide]  
 That which long process could not arbitrate.  
 And tho' the mourning brow of progeny<sup>1</sup>  
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
 The holy suit, which fain it would convince [conquer]  
 Yet since love's argument was first on foot,  
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what it purpos'd ; since to wail friends lost  
 Is not by much so wholesome profitable,  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found."

"The extreme parts of time" means the *ends* of time, and I think that Mr. Collier has rightly altered the word *forms*, in the old copies to *form* ; but "the ends of time" also governs the word *decide* in the third line, which is likewise printed *decides* in those copies. Mr. Collier should therefore equally have altered this word. Mr. Steevens explains "the loose of time" as *the moment of his parting*, which is part of Shakespeare's meaning ; but I think the antithesis is that "the ends of Time, often at the very greatest looseness of his state, bind or determine that which long process could not arbitrate"—a truth which must be well known to every man of business. The last week of a session of parliament does more work than all the prating months preceding. Business is elastic : if there is much time to do it in, it will take a long time in doing : if there is little, it is often better done in that little.

#### ACT V., SCENE 2.

"As love is full of unbefitting strains,  
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of *straying* shapes, of habits, and of forms,

<sup>1</sup> A child for her parent's death.

Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll  
To ev'ry varied object in his glance."

All the old copies read *straying* shapes. Mr. Coleridge recommends *stray* for *straying*. Malone and others have *strange*. Mr. Collier says it is easy to read *straying* in the time of one syllable. I cannot assent to this, and prefer *strange*, the lines which follow comprehending the meaning of the word *straying*, and therefore rendering it unnecessary. The same word has been also mistaken for *strange*, in the following passage in the old play of "Promos and Cassandra," Act iii., Scene 1:—

"O *straying* effectes of blind affected love,  
From wisdomes pathes which doth astraye our wittes."

#### ACT V., SCENE 2.

"*Rosaline*. You must be purged too, your sins are *rank*."

The old editions read *rack'd*. This is one of Rowe's fortunate alterations; but Steevens's authority for it from "Hamlet," "O, my offence is *rank*," is not in point. *Rank* there means tainted: "it smells to Heaven." Here it means *overgrown*. I think I can suggest a better example from "As you like it," Act i., Scene 1:—"Begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your *rankness*."

It is the happy recommendation of Thirlby, Warburton, and Coleridge, to omit the whole of this speech, as a poor anticipation of a subsequent better one.

#### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

#### ACT V., SCENE 1.

"*Lion*. Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A *lion fell*, nor else no lion's dam



For if I should as lion come in strife  
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

What reader is not familiar with Bottom the Weaver, and his play, to be acted before the Duke of Athens and his bride on their wedding-night? Everybody recollects that these cautious *amateurs*, not to frighten the ladies of the court, resolve, previously to the performance, to write a prologue to tell the audience that the "rude mechanical," who is to represent a lion, is not a lion, and to say, "Ladies, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; and, there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner." In pursuance of this precaution, the Lion, at the representation, speaks the following lines:—

" You, ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear  
 The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
 May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
 When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
 Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;  
 For if I should as lion come in strife  
 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

Hitherto, I will venture to say, everybody has understood this as, "I, Snug the joiner, am the cruel lion; nor, otherwise, am I a lion's mother," which last fact is irrelevant, but furnishes some meaning; but Mr. Malone's note upon the passage is as follows:—

"Dr. Johnson has justly observed, in a note on "All's well that ends well," that *nor*, in the phraseology of our author's time, often related to two members of a sentence, though only expressed in the latter. So in the play just mentioned:—

"Contempt nor bitterness  
 Were in his pride or sharpness."

I would observe upon this, that where the verb *follows* the negative nominatives, as in the passage quoted by Mr. Malone, this is the phraseology, not only of Shakespeare's, but of the present time, as in Gray:—

“Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor ev'n thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail,” &c.

but I defy any commentator to produce an instance of such a construction where the verb *precedes* the nominatives. In that case, the verb has already affirmed, before the word of negation comes, and the negative cannot relate back, to make the verb deny. In other words, it is impossible that “I am a lion, nor a lion's dam” can mean, “I am *not* a lion, nor a lion's dam,” or “I am *neither* a lion nor a lion's dam.” I boldly say there is no instance in the English language at any time of such a phraseology.<sup>1</sup> And what does Mr. Malone do with the word *else*? He gives it no meaning. And why say a fell or cruel lion? Or introduce a lion's dam or mother?

I will now show how one little letter shall light up the

<sup>1</sup> The following passage, from Warner's “Albion's England,” may be adduced as an instance of such phraseology:—

“The Musists, though themselves they please,  
Their doings else find need nor ease.”

Here the words *though* and *else* prepare the mind for a negation as to both subjects. In our passage, there is no such preparation, and the word *else* comes after the negative and not before. If our lines had run as follows:—

“Then know that I one Snug the joiner, am  
Else a lion fell nor lion's dam,

it would have been analogous to the couplet from Warner, and would have meant that he was not, besides being Snug the joiner, either a lion or a lion's dam. As it is, Mr. Malone's construction can never be made.

whole passage with natural meaning, and give a sense to every word :—

“Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am  
A lion’s *fell*, nor else no lion’s dam ;  
For if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, ’twere pity of my life.”

“I, Snug the joiner, am only a lion’s *skin* ; nor any other-wise than as a lion’s skin may be said to be pregnant with a lion, am I the mother of one ; for it were pity of my life that I should come into this place in collision as a lion.” *Fell* is a word scarcely yet obsolete for *skin* ; and now the words *else* and *dam* have a meaning ; and all this sense is obtained by only supposing that the letter *s* has dropped from the text. It might indeed be done without any other alteration than that of a hyphen, *lion-fell* ; but, as we find, in other parts of Shakespeare, the words *calf’s skin* and *lion’s skin*, with the genitive, I have thought it better to insert the *s*.

My interpretation is in some degree confirmed by the reading of the old quarto editions, which have, instead of “*one* Snug the joiner,” “*as* Snug the joiner.” If the editor of the first folio had understood the meaning of *fell*, he needed not to have made the alteration.

In a future volume of the Shakespeare Society’s Papers, I shall continue my conjectures.

BARRON FIELD.

ART. VIII.—*Poems attributed to Thomas Nash, contained in Dowland's "Songs or Ayres," 1600.*

A contributor to the first volume of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," who subscribes himself G. L., has asked for farther information respecting two stanzas attributed to Thomas Nash in the Introduction to the reprint of "Pierce Penniless's Supplication." G. L. has himself supplied a transcript of them (with the addition of a third stanza) from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, appended to some printed copies of tracts by Nicholas Breton; and he suggests that the third stanza, in truth, formed part of some separate poem. That he is right in this conjecture I have proof now before me, in a copy of a very rare musical work by John Dowland, called his "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres," printed in folio, London, 1600; that is to say, eight years after the original publication of "Pierce Penniless's Supplication." The following poem of three stanzas, without any author's name, is there found set to music, and it will be observed that the first six lines agree precisely with the stanza supplied by G. L., and inserted on p. 79 of Vol. I. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers."

"Praise blindnesse, eyes, for seeing is deceit;  
Be dumbe, vaine tongue, words are but flattering windes;  
Breake, hart, and bleed, for there is no receipt  
To purge inconstancy from most men's mindes.  
And so I wakt amaz'd, and could not move:  
I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

"And if thine eares, false heralds to thy hart,  
Convey unto thy head hopes to obtaine,  
Then, tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,  
Now love is art that wonted to be plaine.

And so I wak't, &c.

"Now none is bald, except they see his braines ;  
 Affection is not known, till one be dead ;  
 Rewards for love are labours for his paines,  
 Loves quiver made of gold, his shafts of lead.  
 And so I wak'd," &c.

The two last stanzas are hardly equal to the first, but this quotation establishes the correctness of G. L., when he stated his opinion that the first stanza was part of a poem which had no connection with the two stanzas which conclude Nash's edition of Sir P. Sidney's "*Astrophel and Stella*," printed in 1591. It is remarkable that these two stanzas are also set to music in Dowland's "*Second Booke of Songs or Ayres*," 1600, so that both poems are contained in the same work ; and it is possible that from thence they were copied (one only partially) by the writer of the MS. in the Bodleian Library. They differ however in Dowland's work both from that MS. and from Nash's edition of "*Astrophel and Stella*," and on this account I subjoin them :—

"If fluids of teares could cleanse my follies past,  
 And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne ;  
 If groning cries might salve my fault at last,  
 Or endles mone for error pardon win ;  
 Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and ever mone  
 Mine error, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

"I see my hopes must wither in their bud,  
 I see my favours are no lasting flowers ;  
 I see that woords will breede no better good  
 Then losse of time, and lightening but at houres.  
 Thus when I see, then thus I say therefore,  
 That favours, hopes, and words can blinde no more."

What seems to make it doubtful whether the writer of the MS. in the Bodleian Library copied these stanzas from

Dowland's work is, that they there stand in the order in which they occur in Nash's "Astrophel and Stella," whereas in Dowland's work they are reversed. What I have said does not at all tend to settle the question, whether either or both were by Nash: that must still remain a matter of speculation, founded upon similarity of style; and it may lead to the important conclusion, that the anonymous poems in Dowland's work (and none of them there have signatures or initials) were written by Nash, expressly for music, and that they are to be added to the list of his few extant poetical productions. On the other hand, a poem of five stanzas beginning—

"Faction, that ever dwells  
In courts where wit excells,"

is contained both in Dowland's "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres," and in Nash's edition of "Astrophel and Stella," and in the latter it has the initials E. O. at the end, which most probably were meant to indicate the Earl of Oxford. This, of course, was not by Nash, unless we suppose him to have written it, and to have passed it upon the world as the production of a then well-known poetical nobleman. This, as it seems to me, is highly improbable.

T. J. SCOTT.

April 2nd, 1845.

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ART. IX.—*The Device to entertayne hir Ma<sup>ty</sup> att Harfildes, the house of Sr Thomas Egerton, Lo: Keeper, and his Wife the Countess of Darbye, in hir Ma<sup>ty</sup> progresse, 1602.*

Alice, Countess Dowager of Derby, the youngest of six daughters of Sir John Spencer, of Althorp, in Northamptonshire, was married to Ferdinando Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, better known to the readers of our early dramas from the company of players he retained, and who bore the name of my Lord Strange's players.<sup>1</sup> Lord Strange succeeded to the Earldom of Derby on the death of his father, Henry Earl of Derby, in the year 1592; and dying two years after, 16th April, 1594, his widow in October, 1600, married Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper, created by King James I. Baron Ellesmere, 21 July, 1603, Lord High Chancellor of England, 24 of July, 1603, and Viscount Brackley, 7 November, 1616.

Lord Chancellor Egerton died at York House, in the Strand, 15 March, 1616-17, and his widow, Alice Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, in Middlesex, on the 16th January, 1636-7.

Harefield Place, on the river Colne, near Uxbridge, was "a fair house standing on the edge of a hill," belonging, when Norden compiled his Survey of Middlesex, in 1593, to Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. From Sir Edmund Anderson it passed, in 1601, into the possession of Sir Thomas Egerton: and here, in July, 1602, the Lord Keeper and his Lady entertained Queen Elizabeth in her last progress. The Queen died in the March following.

The name of Alice Countess Dowager of Derby can never

<sup>1</sup> See Henslowe's Diary, printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 20.

die: Spenser dedicates his "Tears of the Muses" to her; and for her did Milton write his "Arcades," part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby "by some noble persons of her family." Her second daughter by the Earl of Derby was married to John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, son of the Lord Chancellor Egerton, by his first wife, and before whom the "Masque of Comus" was presented at Ludlow Castle, in the year 1634.

Harefield Place was burnt down about the year 1660. "Tradition says that the fire was occasioned by the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was amusing himself by reading in bed."<sup>1</sup>

The MS. from which the following part of the entertainment at Harefield in the summer of 1602 is taken, was found among the "Conway Papers" by the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, and is here printed, by the kind permission of that gentleman.

The "petition" is printed in Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* (vol. iv., part 1, ed. 1821), and the Song and Lotteries in "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody," a popular miscellany of the reign of James I. Davison, however, omits the names of the drawers, and merely describes the portion he preserves as "A Lottery presented before the late Queen's Majesty at the Lord Chancellor's House, 1601."<sup>2</sup> Nichols assigns it to the same year, as indeed does Manningham, in his *Diary*, among the Harleian MSS.<sup>3</sup> There is, however, every reason to believe that the several lotteries in question were drawn, not at York House, in the Strand, in 1601, but at Harefield, in 1602, when Queen Elizabeth was there, and when "Othello" was performed for the first time, that

<sup>1</sup> Lysons's *Middlesex Parishes*, p. 108.

<sup>2</sup> *Poetical Rhapsody*, ed. Nicolas, p. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Harl. MS., 5353. "Some of the lotteries [15 of them] w<sup>ch</sup> were the last Sumer at hir M<sup>ties</sup> being w<sup>th</sup> the L. Keeper." fol. 95.



we have any trace of it by "Burbidge's players."<sup>1</sup> I may add that a MS. Collection of Poems of the time of James I. assigns the several lotteries to the year 1602.—*Poet. Miscellanies printed for the Percy Society*, No. lv.

To the Lotteries in Davison the initials "I. D." are attached; i.e., as there is every reason to believe, Sir John Davys, the author of "Nosce Teipsum, or, a poem on the Immortality of the Soul," &c.

The Lots in Davison are in number thirty-four. They are here the same. In the Percy publication they are thirty-eight. But the text of the Percy transcript is very far from correct, and "the names of the drawers" generally erroneous.

P. CUNNINGHAM.

THE DEVISE TO ENTERTAYNE HIR MA<sup>ty</sup> AT HARFIELDE,  
THE HOUSE OF S<sup>r</sup> THOMAS EGERTON LO. KEEPER  
AND HIS WIFE THE COUNTESS OF DARBYE.

In hir  
Ma<sup>ty</sup> pro-  
gresse.  
1602.

Beawtyes rose and vertues booke, Angells mynde and  
Angells looke  
To all S<sup>nts</sup> and Angells deere, cleerest Ma<sup>ty</sup> on earth  
Heavens did smile att your faire birth  
And since your dayes have bene most cleere

The humble  
peticōn of a  
giltless sainte  
wherew<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
gowne of  
rainebowes  
was<sup>t</sup> p<sup>r</sup>sented  
to hir Ma<sup>ty</sup>  
in hir pro-  
gresse.  
1602.

Onely pore S<sup>nt</sup> Swithin now, doth heare you blame his  
cloudy browe  
Butt he pore S<sup>nt</sup> devoutly sweares, it is butt a tradicōn  
vayne  
Thatt his much weeping causeth rayne,  
For S<sup>nts</sup> in heaven shed no teares.

<sup>1</sup> Egerton Papers, printed for the Camden Society, p. 343. Collier's Shakespeare, vii., 493.

Butt this he saith thatt to his feaste, comes Iris an  
unbidden gieste.

In hir moiste roabe of collors gaye. And when she  
comes she ever stayes  
For the full space of fortye dayes  
And more or lesse raines every daye.<sup>1</sup>

Butt he good S<sup>t</sup> when once he knewe, this rayne was  
like to fall on you.

If S<sup>t</sup> could weepe had wepte as muche, as when he did  
the ladye leade,

Thatt did on burning iron treade  
To Ladyes his respecte is suche

He gentlye first bidds Iris goe, unto th' antipodes belowe,  
Butt she for this more sullen grewe, when he sawe thatt  
w<sup>th</sup> angry looke,

From hir, hir raynye roabe he toke,  
W<sup>ch</sup> heere he doth p<sup>r</sup>sente to you.

Tis fitt itt shoulde w<sup>th</sup> you remayne, for you know better  
how to raigne,

Yett if itt rayne still as before, S<sup>t</sup> Swythen prayes  
thatt you woulde guesse,

Thatt Iris doth more roabes possesse,  
And thatt you would blame him noe more

<sup>1</sup> This reading is infinitely to be preferred to the reading in  
Nichols:—

“But this he saith, that to his feast  
Commeth Iris, an vnbidden guest,  
In her moist roabe of collors gay;  
And she commeth, she ever staies,  
For the space of fortie daies,  
And more or lesse raines euery day.”

CYNTHIA queene of seas and landes, Thatt fortune every wher comandes,  
 Sent forth fortune to the sea, To trye her fortune every theLottaryes.  
 waye.

Ther did I fortune meete, w<sup>ch</sup> makes me now to singe,  
 Ther is no fishing to the sea, noe service to the Kinge.<sup>1</sup>

All the nymphes of Thetis trayne, did Cynthias fortune  
 intertayne,  
 Many a Jewell, many a Jemme, was to fortune broughte  
 by them :

Hir fortune spedd so well, w<sup>ch</sup> makes me now to singe,  
 Ther is no fishing to the sea, noe service to the Kinge.

Fortune thatt itt might be seene, Thatt she did serve a  
 royall Queene  
 A franke and royall hande did beare, and cast hir for-  
 tunes every where,  
 Some toyes fell to my share, w<sup>ch</sup> makes me now to singe,  
 Ther is no ffishing to the sea, noe service to the Kinge.

### THE SEVERALL LOTTES.<sup>2</sup>

#### *Fortunes wheelles.*

Fortune must now noe more in tryumphe ride  
 The wheelles ar yours thatt did hir chariott guide.

Hir Ma<sup>tye</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> This, Mr. Collier assures me, is the burden of a ballad considerably earlier, in point of time, than the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> The *order* of the "Lottes" in the Poetical Rhapsody is very different from the order in the Conway MS. They are here, in all probability, given as they were drawn.

The fifteen "Lottes" preserved by Manningham, in his Diary (Harl. MS., 5353), are the 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 14, 16, 19, 20, 22, 31, 32, 34, of the Conway Transcript.

*A purse.*

The Countess of Derbye Dowager. You thrive or woulde, or maye, your lott's a purse  
Fill itt w<sup>th</sup> golde and you ar n'er the worse.

*A ring w<sup>th</sup> this poesye, as faithfull as I finde.*

Lo. Derbys Wife. Your hande by fortune on this ringe doth lighte  
And yett the wordes do fitt<sup>1</sup> your humor righte.

*A nuttmegg w<sup>th</sup> a blanke in itt.*

La. Worcest. This nuttmegg hath a blanke butt chance doth hide itt  
Write you your wishe and fortune will provide itt.

*A Snuffkin.<sup>2</sup>*

La. Warwicke. Tis sommer, yet a snuffkin is your lott,  
But t'will be winter one day, doubte you nott.

*A Maske.*

La. Scroope. Wante you a maske; heere fortune gives you one  
Yett nature gives the Rose and Lillye none.

*A Necklace.*

M<sup>rs</sup>. Neuill. Fortune gives your faire necke this lace to weare,  
God graunte a heavier yoake itt never beare.

*A Fanne.*

M<sup>rs</sup>. Thynne. You love to see and yett to bee unseene  
Take you a fanne to be your beautyes screene.

<sup>1</sup> "Hit," Davison.

<sup>2</sup> Explained in Archdeacon Nares's *Glossary* to be a muff, in which work this example of the use of the word is cited. *Sir Harris Nicolas*. The reading in Manningham is *mufkin* and *muffkin*.

*A Blanke.*

Wott you why fortune gives to you noe prize  
 Good fayth she sawe you nott she wantes hir eyes.

Mr. Hastings.<sup>1</sup>

*Poyntes.<sup>2</sup>*

You ar in every poynte a lover true  
 And therfore fortune gives the poyntes to you.

Mr. Bridges.

*Dyall.*

The dyall's yours: watch tyme leste it be loste  
 And yett they spende it worste thatt watche itt most.

La. Scudamour.<sup>3</sup>

*A playne ringe.*

Fortune hath sent you happe itt well or ill  
 A playne golde ringe to wedd you to your will.

La. Francis.

*A looking glasse.*

Blide fortune doth nott see how faire you bee,  
 Yett gives a glasse thatt you your selfe may see.

La. Kneurette.

*A Blanke.*

Nothinge's your lotte, thatt's more than can be tolde,  
 For nothinge is more pious then golde.

La. Susan Vere.

*A Handkercheffe.*

Whether you seeme to weepe, or weepe indeede  
 This handkercheff, will stande you well in steede.

Mr. Vauissour.

<sup>1</sup> Given to Lady Susan Vere, in Percy Publication, No. lv. The names in Manningham tally one and all with the Conway transcript.

<sup>2</sup> In Davison, "A dozen of Points."

<sup>3</sup> Lady S. in Manningham. Blank in the Percy transcript.

*Gloves.*

La. Sowth-  
well. Fortūe these gloves in double challeng sendes  
For you hate fooles and flatterers her beste frendes.

*Lace.*

L. Anne Clif-  
ford. Give hir the lace thatt loves to be straite laced  
Soe fortunes little gifte is fittlye placed

*Knives.*

Mrs. Hyde. Fortune doth give these paire of knives to you  
To cutt the thredd of love if't be nott true

*Girdle.*

La. Kildare. With fortunes girdle happie may you bee  
Yett they thatt ar lesse happie ar more ffree

*Writing tables.*

La. Effing-  
ham. These tables may contayne your thoughtes in parte  
Butt write not all thatt's written in your harte

*Garters.*

La. Pagette. Thoughe you have fortunes garters you wil be  
More staide and constant in your steppes then she

*A blanke.*

Mrs. Kidder-  
mister.<sup>1</sup> Tis pittye suche a hande should drawe in vayne  
Thoughe itt gaine nothing itt shall pittye gaine

*Coyfe and crossecloth*

Mrs. Strang-  
widge. Frowne you in earnest or be sicke in jeste  
This coife and crossecloth will become you beste

<sup>1</sup> La. Kiddermaiste, Harl. MS.; blank in Percy transcript.

*Scarfe.*

Take you this scarfe, binde Cupid hande and foote  
So love must aske you leave before he shoote

Mother of y<sup>e</sup>  
maydes.

*Falling bande.*

Fortune would have you rise, yett guides your hande  
From other lotts unto a falling bande.

La. Cumber-  
land.

*Cuttwork stomacher.*

This stomacher is full of windowes wroughte  
Yett none through them can looke into your thoughte

La. Walsing-  
ham.

*Scisser Case.*

These scissers doe your huswiferye bewraye  
Thatt love to worke thoughe you be borne to playe

La. Newton.

*A Chaine.*

Because you scorne loves captive to remaine,  
Fortune hath sworne to leade you in a chaine

M<sup>rs</sup> Wharton

*A Blanke.*

You faine would have butt whatt you cannott tell  
If fortune gives you nothing she doth well

La. Digbye.

*Braceletts.*

Ladye your handes ar fallen into a snare  
For Cupids manacles your braceletts ar

\* \* \* \* liffe <sup>1</sup>

*Bodekin.*

Even w<sup>th</sup> this bodkin you may live unharmed  
Your beawtye is w<sup>th</sup> vertue so well armed

La. Dorothye

<sup>1</sup> MS. torn. This lot is not in the Percy transcript.

*A Blanks.*

You ar so<sup>1</sup> daynty to be pleased God wott  
 Chance knowes nott whatt to give you for your lott

*A Cushionett.*

Mrs. Anse-      To hir that little cares whatt lott she winnes  
 lowe.            Chance gives a little cushionett for hir pinnes

*A prayer booke.*

                    Your fortune may be good another daye  
 This onely      Till fortune come take you a booke to praye  
   left un-  
   drawne.<sup>2</sup>

ffinis.

## De quinque sensibus D. Gualt. Haddoni Carmen

Lumina non cernant nisi quantum cernere fas est  
 Longior obfastus non sit quam convenit esse  
 Auris et equalis causam cognoscere utranque  
 Sensus naturæ sit gustus cætera vitet  
 Et \* \* \* tus fines nunquam transcendat honesti  
 Sic nobis recto procedent ordine sensus  
 Nos \* \* \* ut multi vitiorū sæpe ministros

Creditt	}      nott      {	Hearest
Saye		Thinkest
Desire		Seest
Spende		Haste
Doe		Mayest

<sup>1</sup> To, Harl. MS.

<sup>2</sup> So in Harl. MS.—

*"A prayer booke not drawne."*

The Percy transcript gives it to Lady Digby.



Looke butt arighte and longe butt for y<sup>r</sup> owne  
Smell not the sweete, whose sente bringest worst disease  
Heare all alike and trust when truth is knowne  
Tast butt to feede \* \* \* fill not still to please  
Touch never more then lawfull is to seaze  
The senses thus you rightlye shall enioye  
W<sup>ch</sup> many ofte make servants of annoye.

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ART. X. — *The Marriage of Wit and Science, an Interlude,*  
by John Redford.

I sent for the first volume of "the Shakespeare Society's Papers" a song, by old John Heywood, with the same burden as that in "Othello,"

"Sing all the green willow must be my garland."

In giving this line the printer committed an error, by reading "will" for *willow*, the two last letters having perhaps accidentally dropped out in the press. Heywood's song was copied by me, many years ago, from a manuscript belonging to Mr. Bright, and since sold by auction, which also contains a dramatic relic of some curiosity and interest. It is there entitled a play of "The Marriage of Wit and Science," and is doubtless the same production as that called in the historical drama of "Sir Thomas More," (edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, and printed by the Shakespeare Society) p. 56, "The Marriage of Wit and *Wisdom*." Mr. Dyce correctly states that no such piece as "The Marriage of Wit and *Wisdom*" is extant; but it does not appear to have occurred to him that it was only a misnomer for "The Marriage of Wit and *Science*," which was printed not very long after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne.<sup>1</sup> We find that Mr. Bright's manuscript was at one time in the hands of Mr. Collier, who, in his "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," ii., 342, makes several quotations from it; but he omits the dramatic relic, I am about to introduce to the notice of the members of the Shakespeare

<sup>1</sup> Under the title of "A newe and pleasaunt Enterlude, entitled The Marriage of Witte and Science. Imprinted at London in Flete-stret, neare unto Sainct Dunstans church, by Thomas Marshe." N. d. (but about 1570), 4to.

Society : it is in a different part of the volume, and possibly escaped his observation. It is a song there headed—

*“ The fyrst song in the Play of Science,”*

and it evidently formed part of the early Moral play, “ The Marriage of Wit and Science,” and was doubtless by the same author, John Redford, although his name is not at the end of it, as it stands at full length at the close of the drama. —“ Thus endyth the play of Wyt and Science, made by Master Jhon Redford.” It must have been sung by the character called Honest Recreation, assisted by Comfort and Quickness, on reviving Wit, after he has been defeated and thrown into a swoon by Tediousness, and it runs as follows : the first two lines seem to indicate the *cue*, or precise place in the rhyming dialogue, where the song was to be introduced.

*Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreation :*

*Gyve place, we say now, for thy consolation.*

### I.

“ When travels grete in matters thycke  
Have duld your wytts and made them sycke,  
What medson, then, your wytts to quyecke,  
Yf ye wyll know, the best phisycke,  
Is to geve place to Honest Recreation :  
Gyve place, we say now, for thy consolation.

### II.

“ Where is that Wyt that we seeke than ?  
Alas ! he lyeth here pale and wan :  
Helpe hym at once now, yf we can.  
O, Wyt ! how doest thou ? Looke up, man.  
O, Wyt ! geve place to Honest Recreation—  
Gyve place, we say now, for thy consolation.

### III.

“ After place gyvyn, let eare obay :  
Gyve an eare, O Wyt ! now we thee pray ;

Gyve eare to what we syng and say ;  
 Gyve an eare and healpe wyll come strayghte way :  
 Gyve an eare to Honest Recreation ;  
 Gyve an eare now, for thy consolation.

## IV.

“ After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye :  
 Behold, thy freends abowte thee lye,  
 Recreation I, and Comfort I,  
 Quickness am I, and strength here bye.  
 Gyve an eye to Honest Recreation :  
 Gyve an eye now, for thy consolation.

## V.

“ After an eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye :  
 Gyve an hand O Wyt ! feele that ye see ;  
 Recreation feele, feele Comfort fre ;  
 Feele Quicknes here, feele Strength to thee.  
 Gyve an hand to Honest Recreation :  
 Gyve an hand now, for thy consolation.

## VI.

“ Upon his feete, would God he were !  
 To raise hym now we neede not feare ;  
 Stay you hys hands, while we here bere :  
 Now, all at once upryght him rere.  
 O Wyt ! gyve place to Honest Recreation :  
 Gyve place, we say now, for thy consolation.”

I should like very much to be informed, into whose hands Mr. Bright's manuscript, containing this song and many others, devolved at his sale.

A BALLAD-MONGER.

August 7th, 1844.

ART. XI.—*The Tragedy of "Page of Plymouth," by Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker.*

On p. 155 of the last publication by the Shakespeare Society, "Henslowe's Diary," occurs the following entry:—

"Lent unto W<sup>m</sup> Borne, alles birde, the 10 of aguste 1599, to lend unto Bengemyne Johnstone, and thomas Dekkers, in earneste of ther booke they are writtinge, called pagge of plimothe, the some xxxx."

Malone misread this memorandum, and others relating to the same play, as appears on comparing the original with his extracts in Shakspeare by Boswell, iii., 323, &c., and assigns Page of Plymouth (called by him Peg of Plymouth," and "Pagge of Plim") to Bird, Downton, and Jubey, the actors, when in truth it was a tragedy, the composition of no less distinguished dramatists than Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker. It was founded upon an event of comparatively recent occurrence, and, in this respect, it resembled "the Yorkshire Tragedy," imputed, perhaps correctly, to Shakespeare. I am not aware that the incidents forming "the Yorkshire Tragedy" were ever separately printed: we have the play, but not the story, out of which it arose. In the case of "Page of Plymouth," the play has been lost, but the story has come down to us; and as it serves to show the sort of subjects taken up and employed by great stage poets in the time of Shakespeare, I have transcribed it from a copy preserved in an ancient library with which I am acquainted, in order that it may be printed among "the Shakespeare Society's Papers," as a curious illustration of the history of our early drama.

The event happened in February, 1591, and it appears that Ben Jonson and Dekker had finished their tragedy in Sept., 1599, when the last payment of £6 was made to them. This

was the entry, by Henslowe, which Malone saw, when he said (p. 334) that £6 was the full price of a play at that date. The fact is that the £6 was not then "the full price of a play," but that sum was entrusted to Bird, Downton, and Jubey, to be conveyed to the authors, "in full payment" for the drama upon which £5 had been previously advanced; so that the whole cost of the piece was £11. I need not quote the title of the tract from which the ensuing extract is made, as it is given correctly in the Additional Notes to "Henslowe's Diary," p. xxxii; but I may observe that it is not, as there stated, "a unique" tract, for at least *two* copies of it seem to be in existence—one of them that I have used.

DRAMATICUS.

Lincoln, July 10, 1845.

*"A true discourse of a cruel and inhumaine murder, committed upon M. Padge of Plymouth, the 11 day of February last, 1591, by the consent of his owne wife, and sundry other.*

"In the town of Testock, 10 miles or thereabouts from Plimouth, there dwelled one M. Glandfeeld, a man of as good wealth and account as any occupier in that cuntrie. This M. Glandfeeld favoured a yong man named George Strangwich, who was of such great credit with him, that he turned over al his wares, shop, and dealings, into his handes, and tooke so good a liking of him, being a proper yong man, that it was supposed he should have had his daughter in mariage; and the rather for that he had learned the full perfection and knowledge of his trade in London, in the service of a worshipfull cittizen called M. Powell, in Bred Street, and grew so painfull, and seemed so good a husband as the said M. Glandfeelds daughter did wholye resolute that the said George Strangwidge should be her husband, and no other: whereto in troth her parentes never did condescend. But Sathan, who is the author of euill,

crept so farre into the dealinges of these persons, that he procured the parents to mislike Strangwidge, and to perswade their daughter to refraine his companie, shewing her that they had found out a more meeter match for her, and mocioned vnto hir that it was their pleasures shee should marrye one M. Padge of Plimouth, who was a widower, and one of the cheefest inhabitants of that towne: and by reason that the sayde M. Grandfeeld did mean to abide at Plimouth, he thought it a more sufficient matche to marrye her in Plimouth, where she might be hard by him, then to marrye her to Strangwidge, who dwelt faire from him. In the end, such was the successe, that although she had settled her affections altogether upon Strangwidge, yet, through the perswasion of her freends, though sore against her will, she was married to M. Padge of Plimouth, notwithstanding that she had protested neuer to loue the man with her heart, nor neuer to remoue her affection settled upon the saide Strangwidge, which she perfourmed as the sequell maketh manifest: for this mistris Padge had accesse to Strangwidge, and he to her at his conning to Plimoth; whereby the diuell so wrought in the harts of them both, that they practised day and night how to bring her husband to his end: and therupon the saide mistris Padge, as appeereth since by her own confession, did, within the space of one yeere and lesse, attempt sundry times to poison her husband, for it was not full a yeere but that she had procured him to be murthered, as you shal hear immediatly.

But God, who preserveth many persons from such perils and dangers, defended stil the said M. Padge from the secret snares and practises of present death, which his wife had laid for him, yet not without great hurt unto his body, for still the poison wanted force to kil him, so wonderfully did almighty God woorke for him; yet was he compelled to vomit blood and much corruption, which doubtles in the end would have killed him, and that shortlye. But to prosecute, and that with great speed to perfourm this wicked and inhumain act, the saide

mistris Padge and Strangwidge omitted no opportunitie : they wanted no meanes nor freends to performe it for their mony, whereof they had good store, and more then they knew how to imploy, except it had beene to better uses ; for she on the one side practised with one of her servants, named Robert Priddis, whom, as she thought, nothing would more sooner make him pretend the murdering of his maister then silver and gold, wherwith she so corrupted him, with promise of seaven score poundes more, that he solemnly undertook and vowed to performe the task to her contentment.

On the other side, Strangwidge hired one Tom Stone to be an actor in this tragicall action, and promised him a great summe of mony for perfourming the same, who by a solemne vow had graunted the effecting thereof, though to the hazard of his own life.

These two instruments wickedly prepared themselves to effect this desperate and villanous deed upon the 11 of February, being wednesday, on which night following the act was committed : but it is to be remembered that this mistris Padge lay not then with her husband, by reason of the vntimely birth of a child, whereof she was newly delivered, the same being dead borne : upon which cause she then kept her chamber, having before sworn that she would never beare child of his getting that should prosper ; which argued a most ungodlye minde in the woman, for in that sort she had been the death of two of her own children.

About ten of the clock at night, M. Padge being in his bed slumbring, could not happen upon a sound sleepe, and lying musing to himselfe, Tom Stone came softlye and knocked at the doore, wherupon Priddis, his companion, did let him in, who was made privie to this deed ; and by reason that mistris Padge gave them straight charge to dispatche it that night, whatsoever came of it, they drew towards the bed, intending immediatly to go about it. M. Padge, being not asleep, as is afor said, asked who came in, whereat Priddis leapt vpon



his maister, being in his bed, who roused himself and got upon his feete and had been hard enough for his man, but that Stone flew upon him being naked, and suddenlye tripped him, so that he fell to the ground: wherupon both of them fell upon him, and tooke the kercher from his head, and knitting the same about his neck they immediatly stifled him; and, as it appeereth, even in the anguish of death the said M. Padge greatly laboured to pul the kercher from about his neck, by reason of the marks and skatches which he had made with his nailes upon his throat, but therewith he could not prevaile, for they would not let slip their hold until he was full dead. This doon, they laid him ouerthwart the bed, and against the bed side broke his neck; and when they sawe he was surelye dead, they stretched him and laid him on his bed again, spreading the clothes in ordinary sort, as though no such act had been attempted, but that he had died on Gods hand.

Whereupon Pridis immediatly went to mistris Pades chamber, and tolde her that all was dispatcht; and about one hower after he came again to his Mistris chamber doore, and called alowd, Mistresse, quoth he, let somebody look into my Maisters chamber, me thinkes I heard him grone. With that she called her maide, who was not privie to anything, and bad her light a candle, whereupon she slipt on her petticoate and went thither likewise, sending her maid first into the chamber, where she her selfe stood at the doore, as one whose conscience would not permit her to come and behold the detestable deed which she had procured.

The maid simply felt on her Maisters face, and found him colde and stiffe, and so tolde her mistresse; whereat she bad the maide to warme a cloth and wrap it about his feete, which she did, and when she felt his legges, they were as colde as claye: wherat she cried out, saying her maister was dead.

Wherupon her mistris got her to bed, and caused her man Priddis to goe call her father, M. Glanfeeld, then dwelling at Plimouth, and sent for one of her husbands sisters likewise,

willing her to make haste if ever she would see her brother alive, for he was taken with the disease called the Pull, as they tearme it in that country : these persons being sent for, they came immediately ; wherat mistris Padge arose, and in counterfeit manner sounded ; whereby there was no suspicion a long time concerning any murder perfourmed upon him untill mistris Harris, his sister, spied blood about his bosome, which he had with his nailes procured by scratching for the kercher when it was about his throate : then they moved his head, and found his neck broken, and on both his knees the skin was beaten off, by striving with them to save his life.

Mistris Harris, heereupon perceiving how hee was made away, went to the Maior and the worshipfull of the towne, desiring them of justice, and intreated them to come and beholde this lamentable spectacle, which they immediatlye perfourmed, and by searching him found that he was murdered the same night.

Upon this the Maior committed Priddis to prison, who, being examined, did impeach Tom Stone, shewing that he was a chiefe actor in the same : this Thomas Stone was married upon the next day after the murder was committed, and being in the midst of his jollity, suddenly he was attached and committed to prison to beare his fellow company.

Thus did the Lord unfold this wretched deed, whereby immediatly the said mistris Padge was attached upon the murther, and examined before Sir Francis Drake, Knight, with the Maior and other majestrates of Plimouth ; who denied not the same, but said she had rather dye with Strangwidge then to live with Padge.

At the same time also the said George Strangwidge was newly come to Plimouth, being very heavy and doubtfull by reason he had given consent to the saide murder : who, being then in company with some of London, was apprehended and called before the Justices for the same, wherupon, at his comming before them, he confessed the trueth of all, and offered to prove

that he had written a letter to Plimoth, before his comming thither, that at any hand they should not perfourm the act : nevertheles M. Padge was murdered before the comming of this letter, and therefore he was sent to prison with the rest vnto Exceter : and at the assises holden this last Lent the said George Strangwidge, mistris Padge, Priddis, and Tom Stone were condemned and adjudged to dye for the saide fact, and were all executed accordinglye upon Satterdaye beeing the twentieth day of Februarye last, 1591.

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ART. XII.—*A note on the recently discovered manuscript of Henry the Fourth.*

Since this manuscript has been published by the Society, the Rev. L. B. Larking has discovered the original book of household expences of Sir Edward Dering, the first baronet; and although there is nothing in it which bears directly upon the question of date, the following entry is worth notice, as some evidence of the probability that the corrections by Sir Edward were not made in the latter part of his career:—

“1619. For 27 play-bookes, 9 shillings.”

In fact, any one who will take the trouble to glance at the biography of Sir Edward Dering would see at once the impossibility of such having been the case.

It may be as well to remark that the inference lately drawn by a reviewer, viz., that the entry by Sir E. Dering, “vide printed book,” shows that the MS. was copied from some printed edition, entirely fails when we reflect that no printed edition contains all the readings of the manuscript; and it is most probable that Sir E. Dering *merely corrected the manuscript* by a “printed book.”

In the Introduction, p. xviii., I have noticed the variation of the MS. in act iii., scene 2, in the unusual simile, “rash *bavin* wits.” I may just observe that I never for one moment questioned the received text by the observations there made on the passage, having merely drawn attention to the curious variation of the manuscript. The following extract puts the matter beyond all doubt:—

“Bavins will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soone quenched as the other burnt; but who be these?”

*Lilly's Sixe Court Comedies*, ed. 1632, sig. Cc., iii.

This is also quoted by Nares.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

ART. XIII.—*Players and Dramatic Performances in the reign of Edward IV.*

I am desirous, through the medium afforded by the "Shakespeare Society's Papers," to correct an error into which I fell in my "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," published fourteen years ago. It occurs where it is stated, though not in express terms, that Richard the Third, when Duke of Gloucester, was the first nobleman upon record, in this kingdom, who kept a company of theatrical servants or retainers under the sanction and protection of his name. [Vol. i., p. 34, &c.] This assertion was made upon the alleged authority of two valuable manuscripts in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, relating to the household and other expenses of Sir John Howard, successively Lord Howard and Duke of Norfolk, who was killed on Bosworth Field.

I have recently edited these two manuscripts for a literary Society, and they have been printed with the utmost care and fidelity:—I have, therefore, had an opportunity of going through them in minute detail, and I have found that I was wrong in the claim I put in for Richard the Third. This matter is curious in itself, in reference to the character of that king, and ought to be put upon its proper footing; but the mistake to which I allude was a venial one on my part, (more excusable perhaps than some others into which I may have elsewhere fallen) because the original record is not only very voluminous, but in some parts confused in regard to dates, so that any person, not going through them from beginning to end, might easily be misled. The fact is that, as far as the evidence goes, another nobleman of the reign of Edward IV. is entitled to be looked upon as the earliest encourager of dramatic entertainments, such as they then existed: I mean, Henry Bourchier, (son and heir of William,

Earl of Ewe, in Normandy) who was created Earl of Essex, 30th June, 1461. Under date of 9th January 1481-2, we meet with the following entry in the household book of Lord Howard, which covers a period from 23rd Feb., 20 Edw. IV. to 14th Oct., 22 Edw. IV. :—

“Item, to Senclowe, that he paid to my Lord of  
Essex men, plaiers ..... xx<sup>d</sup>”

Now, we do not hear of the players of the Duke of Gloucester until Christmas 1482-3, under which date the subsequent memorandum occurs in the second manuscript of the household expenses of Lord Howard :—

“Pleyers.] Item on Crystemas daye, my Lord  
gaff [gave] to iiij pleyers of my Lord of  
Gloucestres ..... iij<sup>s</sup> iiij<sup>d</sup>.”

Therefore, whatever merit attach to either nobleman on this account, it is certain that we hear of the players of the Earl of Essex twelve months earlier than we have any tidings of those of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. It is very possible that the Duke of Gloucester had set the example, or that some other nobleman had a company of actors under his patronage still earlier, but information to this effect has yet to be discovered.

As intelligence relating to dramatic performances and performers is of rare occurrence at this early date, and necessarily connected with the growth and maturity of our drama and stage as it existed in the time of Shakespeare, it will not be thought out of place if I here bring together, in one view, such scattered particulars on the subject as, in the volume I have just superintended through the press, are spread over more than 500 pages: and it is to be observed in the outset that although no noblemen, excepting the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Gloucester, are mentioned as the patrons of companies of players, several others appear to have

retained minstrels, harpers, &c.,<sup>1</sup> and to these, on all occasions, Lord Howard gave liberal rewards.

It is well known that, at the date to which we are now referring, associations of actors for the performance of Miracle-plays, or Moral-plays, were not unfrequently attached to particular towns; and in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, they seem to have been more numerous than in some other parts of the kingdom. The entries in the manuscripts in question relating to them are these:—

xxix Aug. 21 Edw. IV. That I paid to the pleirs of Turton [Thorington] strete .....	xx <sup>d</sup>
xxvj Dec. 21 Edw. IV. My Lord toke the Plaiers of Kokesale [Coggeshall].....	ij <sup>s</sup> iiij <sup>d</sup>
i Jan. 21 Edw. IV. Item to the Plaiers of Hadley, and the old man and ij children	vj <sup>s</sup> viij <sup>d</sup>
vii Jan. 21 Edw. IV. Item to the plaiers of Esterford .....	ij <sup>s</sup> iiij <sup>d</sup>
xxvij Dec. 6 Henry VII. Item payd to the playars of Chemsford .....	vj <sup>s</sup> viij <sup>d</sup>
v Jan. 6. Henry VII. Item in reward to the playars of Lanam [Lavenham] the sayd day .....	xl <sup>s</sup>

A memorandum dated 22 May, 22 Edw. IV., is curious, inasmuch as it distinctly informs us that a play, without giving the name of the company by which it was acted, was performed in one of the churches at Colchester on Whit Monday.

<sup>1</sup> Richard the Third, when Duke of Gloucester, had a body of Minstrels, as well as what are called "Shalms," attached to his household. After he ascended the throne, he was the first monarch who issued an arbitrary order for taking boys with good voices from the choirs of cathedrals, &c., in order that they might sing in the Chapel Royal, or for the amusement of the court. This fact is established in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage." The practice became common afterwards.

"Item, that my Lord gaffe to the cherche on Whitson  
Monday, at the play ..... x<sup>s</sup>."

The drama doubtless was scriptural, and in all probability related to the descent of the Holy Ghost, the subject set apart for Whitsuntide in the Coventry Miracle-plays. See Mr. Halliwell's volume, printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 381. On Easter-day, the play of "The Resurrection," so named in the manuscript, had been represented before Lord Howard, most likely in the church also, though nothing is there said of the place of performance.

To the above we may appropriately add the items, contained in the second of the two manuscripts, relating to a species of dramatic entertainment or masquerade, at that date and afterwards, known by the name of "a Disguising." At a later period, "Disguisings" are often mentioned in the accounts of the Revels at Court, and particulars are given of the provision of apparel and other preparations for them; but this is the earliest instance, within my recollection, of any such performance in the private mansion of one of the nobility: it took place at Stoke Neylond in January, 22 Edw. IV., and the following are the entries connected with it:

"Item the same day my Lord paid to Garard of Sudbury,  
for all suche stoffe as folewith, that he bowght for the  
Dysgysing.

Fyrst for iiij dos. of golde paper, and silver rowche clere and verte .....	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Item for viij qayeres paper .....	ij <sup>s</sup>
Item for ij lb of arswode .....	[no sum]
Item iiij shetes of golde paper, and silever .....	xv <sup>d</sup>
Item for j lb of glew .....	ij <sup>d</sup>
Item for ij doss of golde foyle .....	xxij <sup>d</sup>
Item for iiij qayres of paper .....	xij <sup>d</sup>
Item for iij qrters of a lb of arswode .....	xviiij <sup>d</sup>



Item for sursuphuryfe .....	j <sup>d</sup>
Item for ij calles .....	iiij <sup>d</sup> ob
Item for a pownde of gounpowder .....	x <sup>d</sup>
Item for halfe a doss. of golde paper .....	xij <sup>d</sup>
Item for packe threde .....	j <sup>d</sup>
Summa totalis .....	xxj <sup>a</sup> ob."

The same manuscript, in other places and at later dates, mentions the purchase of "stuff for disguisings," and "cloth for disguisings," but the description of the materials in all instances is wanting.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Kensington, May 5, 1845.

ART. XIV.—*Unknown Pageant by Thomas Middleton, the dramatist.*

The accompanying Pageant by Thomas Middleton, on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of London, 29th October 1622, is not included by the Rev. A. Dyce in his edition of Middleton's Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 1840. He does not seem to have been aware of its existence, and I do not find it noticed in the *Biographia Dramatica*, nor in Mr. Fairholt's two publications on the subject of city Pageants issued by the Percy Society: neither is there any mention of it in Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*; so that it may be looked upon as a new discovery, connected with the literary history of one of Shakespeare's most popular contemporaries.

I send it in order that it may be preserved; and in point of length, it will not exceed the compass of one of "the Shakespeare Society's Papers." I have had it by me for many years, but I was not aware that I had it, until one day I turned over some old books and papers, to ascertain whether I had anything in my possession that would contribute to the objects of the Shakespeare Society. Others may thus be induced to take the same trouble, and may meet with something that will immediately, and not merely indirectly, illustrate the life or works of our greatest dramatist. I am confident that much may yet be done by examinations of this kind; and all who have old tracts or family papers should not omit, either by themselves or others, to investigate the precise nature of them. I might never have found this Pageant of 1622, but for the impulse given to my curiosity by the establishment and proceedings of the Shakespeare Society.

Middleton wrote the Lord Mayor's Pageant of 1621, entitled "The Sun in Aries;" and that of 1623, called "The Triumphs of Integrity:" the Pageant herewith

transmitted belongs to the intervening year, when Peter Proby (afterwards Sir Peter Proby) was placed in the civic chair.

JAMES L. PEARSON.

March 14th, 1845.

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THE  
T R I U M P H S O F

Honor and Virtue.

A Noble Solemnity, performed through the *City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Grocers,* at the Confirmation and Establishment of their most worthy Brother, the Right *Honorable* PETER PROBY, *in the high Office of his Majesty's* Lieutenant, Lord Mayor and Chancellor of the famous *City of London.*

Taking beginning at his Lordship's going, and perfecting *it self after His return from receiving the Oath of Mayoralty at Westminster,* on the Morrow after *Simon and Judes Day,* being the 29 of October, 1622.

BY THO. MIDDLETON, GENT.

LONDON

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,  
1622.

## TO

The Honor of him, to whom the Noble *Fraternity of Grocers*,  
*his worthy Brothers*, have Dedicated their Loves, in costly  
 Triumphs, the Right Honorable PETER PROBY, Lord Mayor  
 of this Renowned City.

To be His Servant, that hath serv'd  
 Two Royal Princes, and deserv'd  
 So worthily of Both ; the Same  
 Call not Service, rather Fame.

At your Lordships Command :

THO. MIDDLETON.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE.

If foreign Nations have been struck with Admiration at the Form, State, and Splendour of some yearly Triumphs, wherein Art hath been but faintly imitated, there is fair hope that things where Invention flourishes, clear Art and her graceful Proprieties, should receive favor and encouragement from the content of the Spectator, which, next to the service of his Honor and honorable Society, is the principal reward it looks for : then, not despairing of that common favor, this takes delight to present itself.

And first, to begin with the worthy love of his Noble Fraternity, after his Honours return from *Westminster*, having received some service upon the Water, by the conduct of two Artful Triumphs, *viz.*, The *Throne of Virtue*, and the *Continent of India*, which also by Land attends his Lordships most wished arrival, accompanied with the whole body of the Triumph, which, near upon the time of his Honours approach, are decently and distinctly placed ; the first, bearing the Title of the *Continent of India*, a triumph replenished with

all manner of Spice-plants and trees bearing Odour, attends his Honours arrival in *Paul's* Church-yard: a black Personage representing *India* called, for her odours and riches, the Queen of Merchandize, challenging the most eminent Seat, advanceth her selfe upon a bed of Spices, attended by *Indians* in Antique habits: Commerce, Adventure and Traffic, three habited like Merchants, presenting to her view a bright Figure, bearing the inscription of *Knowledge*, a Sun appearing above the trees in brightest splendour and glory. The black Queen before mentioned lending a voice to these following words:

## THE SPEECH.

You that have eyes of Judgement, and discern  
 Things that the best of Man and Life concern,  
 Draw near: this black is but my native dye,  
 But view me with an Intellectual eye,  
 As Wise men shoot their beames forth, then you'll find  
 A change in the complexion of the mind:  
 I'm beauteous in my blackness. Oh ye Sons  
 Of Fame and Honour! through my best part runs  
 A spring of living Waters, clear and true,  
 Found first by Knowledge, which came first by you,  
 By you, and your examples, blest Commerce,  
 That by Exchange settles such happiness.  
 Of Gums and fragrant Spices, I confess,  
 My Climate Heaven does with abundance bless,  
 And those you have from me; but what are they  
 Compar'd with Odours whose scent ne'er decay?  
 And those I have from you, plants of your youth,  
 The Savour of eternal life, sweet Truth,  
 Exceeding all the odoriferous scent,  
 That from the beds of Spices ever went:  
 I that command (being prosp'rously possest)  
 The Riches and the Sweetness of the East,

To that fam'd Mountain Taurus spreading forth  
 My balmy Arm, whose height does kiss the North,  
 And in the Sea Eoum lave this hand,  
 Account my blessings not in those to stand,  
 Though they be large and fruitful, but confess  
 All wealth consists in Christian holiness.  
 To such celestial knowledge I was led,  
 By English Merchants first enlightened,  
 In Honour of whose memory, only Three  
 I instance here, all of this Brotherhood free ;  
 To whose Fames the great Honour of this hour  
 Aptly belongs, but to that Man of Power  
 The first and chiefest, to whose worth so clear,  
 Justice hath given her Sword up for a year :  
 And as yon Sun his perfect splendour shows,  
 Cheering the Plants, and no Clouds interpose,  
 His Radiant Comforts, so no Earthy part,  
 Which makes Eclipses in a Rulers heart,  
 (As in that glorious Planet) must come nigh  
 The Sun of Justice : all such mists must fly.  
 Your'e in an Orb of Brightness plac'd and fixed,  
 And with no soil must Honour be commixed :  
 So to your worthy Progress Zeal commends  
 Your Lordship, with your Grave and Noble friends.

The Speech being ended, to add a little more help to the fainter apprehensions, the three Merchants plac'd in the *Continent* have reference to the Lord *Mayor* and *Sheriffs*, all three being this year Brothers of this Ancient and Honourable Society : which triple or three fold Honour happened to this Worthy Company in the year 1577, Sir *Thomas Ramsey* being then Lord *Mayor*, and Master *Nicholas Backhouse* and Master *Francis Bowyer*, Sheriffs ; having coherence with this years Honour, matched and parallel'd with these Three their as worthy successors, the right Honorable *Peter Proby*, and

the generous and nobly affected Master *John Hodges*, and sir *Humphrey Handford*, Sheriffs and Aldermen.

By this time his Lordship being gracefully conducted toward the *Chariot of Fame*, which awaits his Honour's approach near the little Conduit in *Cheap, Antiquity*, a grave and reverend Personage with a golden Register-book in his hand, gives life to these words :

#### THE SPEECH.

"Objects of years and Reverence greet mine eye,  
A Sight most pleasing to *Antiquity*.  
I never could unclasp this Book of Fame  
Where Worthies dwell by a distinguished Name,  
At a more comely season : I shall tell  
Things sprung from Truth, near kin to Miracle.  
With that of later days I first begin,  
So back into the deeper Times again :  
I only touch thy memory (which I know  
In thankfulness can never be found slow)  
With Heavens miraculous Mercy to thy Health,  
After so long a Sickness : all the wealth  
Which thou with an unusuring hand hath got,  
Which is not the least wonder-worthy note,  
(Truth makes me speak things freely) cannot be  
A greater work than thy recovery.  
Nine Brethren, Senators, thy Seniors all,  
Whose times had been before thee, Death did call  
To their eternal Peace from this degree,  
Leaving their earthly Honour now to thee :  
Think and be thankful still, this seems the more.  
Another observation kept in store ;  
For seventeen Senators since thy time were chose,  
And to this minute not one dead of those.  
Those are not usual notes : nor here it ends,

The Court and City, two most Noble Friends,  
 Have made exchange alate : I reade from hence,  
 There has gone some most worthy Citizens  
 Up to to the Courts advance ; in lieu of that,  
 You have a Courtier now your Magistrate,  
 A servant to *Elizabeth* the blest,  
 Since to *K. James* that reigns with Solomon's breast ;  
 Kept the Records for both ; from the Queen took  
 Charge of three hundred Horse, three thousand Foot.  
 Four Attributes cleave to this Man of Men,  
 A Scholar, Soldier, Courtier, Citizen :  
 These are no usual touches, to conclude  
 (Like to his life with blessings so endued)  
 Has chose his Brotherhood, men of that fame  
 For Bounty, amity, and honoured Name,  
 The City bounds transcend not in their place,  
 And their word makes them prosper, God grant grace.  
 Honour they never wanted : when wast seen,  
 But they had Senators to their Brethren ?  
 Nay, one record here to make joy more glad,  
 I find seventeen that were in scarlet clad,  
 All at one time of this Fraternity ;  
 Now five, for this hours honour brings forth three,  
 Fame triple will make triple virtue strive  
 At whose triumphant Throne you next arrive.

For farther Illustration, there are contained in *Antiquities*  
 golden Legend the Names of many Worthies of ancient Time,  
 by whom this Noble Fraternity has received much honour ;  
 such as were the worthy and famous Sir *Andrew Bockerell*,  
 who was Lord *Mayor* of this City the sixteenth year of King  
*Henry* the third, and continued in the Magistracy seven years  
 together : also the Noble *Allen de la Zouch*, who for his good  
 government in the time of his Mayoralty, was by King *Henry*  
 the third created both a Baron of this Realm, and Lord Chief



Justice of England. Also that famous Worthy, Sir *Thomas Knowles*, twice Lord *Mayor* of this honourable City, which said Sir *Thomas* began at his own charge that famous building of *Guildhall* in *London*, and other memorable works both in the City and in his own Company, reedifying also Saint *Anthony's* Church; with many others that are fair ornaments to Memory, *viz.*, Sir *William Sevenock*, Sir *Robert Chickley*, Sir *Stephen Browne*, Sir *Henry Keble*, Sir *William Laxton*, &c. Who by those virtues that they were most addicted unto in their life-time, are Illustrated by persons of Brightness in the *Throne of Virtue*, the next part of Triumph that presents itself: next beneath *Antiquity* sits *Authority*, plac'd between *Wisdom* and *Innocence*, holding a naked Sword, a Serpent wound about the Blade thereof, two Doves standing upon the cross Bar of the Hilt, and two hands meeting at the Pummel, intimating *Mercy* and *Justice*; accompanied with *Magistracy*, who holds in his hand a Key of gold, signifying both the Key of *Knowledge* and of *Confidence*, the City Magistrate taking into his trust the Custody of the King's Chamber, the proper Title of the City: and which Key of gold also stands in his Lordship's Crest, *viz.*, an *Ostrick* holding a Key of gold in his Mouth, his Neck circled with a golden Crown.

His Lordship, by this time arriving at the *Throne of Virtue*, plac'd near Saint *Laurence-Lane* end, receives this greeting from her Deity.

#### THE SPEECH.

I see great Power approach, here makes a Stand;  
 Would it with Virtue ought? for some Command  
 Seems so complete in Self-Opinions Eye,  
 It will scarce look on me, but passes by;  
 As if the Essence of my Deity  
 Were rais'd by Power, and not Power rais'd by me:  
 But let such Rulers know, that so command,  
 They build the Empire of their Hopes on Sand.

Still this remains, with Eye upon me fixed  
 As if he sought to have His splendours mixt  
 With these of mine, which makes Authority meek,  
 And I'm so sick of Love to those that seek  
 I cannot choose but yield ; nor does it wrong  
 Great Power to come to *Virtue* to be strong,  
 Being but a Woman, merciful and mild :  
 Therein is Heaven with greater glory stiled  
 That makes weak things, as Clemency and Right,  
 Sway Power, which would else rule all by Might.  
 It may be said you did but late pass by  
 Some part of Triumph that spake virtuously,  
 And one such Speech suffices : 'tis not so  
 In taking of your office ; there you go  
 From Court to Court, before You be confirm'd  
 In this high place, which Prætorship is term'd.  
 From *Virtue*, if to *Virtue* you resort,  
 It is but the same course you have in Court  
 In settling of your Honour, which should be  
 Redoubled rather ; that I hope to see :  
 So Power and *Virtue*, when they fill one Seat,  
 The City's blest, the Magistrate complete.

At the close of the Speech, this *Throne of Virtue*, with all  
 her Cælestial *Concomitants*, and the other parts of the Triumph,  
 take leave of his Lordship for that time, and till after the Feast  
 at *Guild Hall* rests from Service ; but the Feast ended, the  
 whole state of the Triumph attends upon his Lordship, both to  
 Saint *Pauls* and homeward : and in *Soper Lane* two parts of the  
 Triumph stand ready planted ; viz., the *Throne of Virtue* and  
 the *Globe of Honour*, which *Globe* suddenly opening and flying  
 into eight Coats, or distinct parts, discovers in a twinkling  
 eight bright Personages most gloriously decked, representing  
 (as it were) the *Inward Man*, the Intentions of a Virtuous  
 and Worthy Breast by the Graces of the Mind and Soul,

such as *Clear Conscience, Divine Speculation, Peace of Heart, Integrity, Watchfulness, Equality, Providence, Impartiality*, each exprest by its proper Illustration. And because Man's perfection can receive no constant Attribute in this Life, the Cloud of Frailty ever and anon shadowing and darkening our brightest Intentions, makes good the Morality of those Coats, or Parts, when they fall or close into the full round of a *Globe* again, showing, that as the Brightest Day has its overcastings, so the best men in this life have their Imperfections; and worldly mists oftentimes interpose the clearest Cogitations, and yet that but for a season, turning in the end, like the mounting of this Engine, to their everlasting Brightness, converting it self to a Canopy of Stars: at the four corners below are plac'd the four Cardinal Virtues, *Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance*, by each of them fixed a little Streamer or Banner, in which are displayed the Arms of this Honourable City, the Lord *Mayors*, the *Grocers*, and the Noble *East India* Companies. The out-parts of the *Globe*, shewing the World's Type in Countries, Seas and Shipping, whereon is depicted or drawn Ships that have been fortunate to this Kingdom by their happy and successful Voyages; as also that prosperous Plantation in the Colony of *Virginia* and the *Bermudas*, with all good wishes to the Governours, Traders, and Adventurers unto those Christianly Reformed Islands.

"*The Speech at Night, presented by Honor, a Personage mounted on the top of this Unparalleled Master-piece of invention and Art, the Globe or Orbe of Honor.*

"*Honor.*

"By *Virtue* you come last, and who brings home  
True *Honor* must by *Virtue* always come :  
The right Path you have took then, still proceed,  
For 'tis Continuance crowns each worthy Deed.  
Behold this *Globe of Honor*; every Part  
It is composed of to a Noble Hart

Applies Instruction : when 'tis closed, and round  
 It represents the World, and all that's found  
 Within the labouring Circle of Man's Days,  
 Adventures, Dangers, Cares, and steepy Ways ;  
 Which when a Wise-man thinks on, strait he mounts  
 To Heavenly Cogitations, and accounts  
 The vexing Spirit of Care and Labour vain,  
 Lifting himself to his full height again.  
 And as this Engine does in eight Parts rise  
 Discovering eight Bright Figures, so the Wise,  
 From this Life's slumber rous'd, (which Time deludes)  
 Opens his heart to eight Beatitudes :  
 And as I (*Honor*) overtopping all,  
 Here fix my Foot on this Orbicular Ball,  
 Over the World expressing my Command,  
 As I in this Contemptuous Posture stand,  
 So every good and understanding Spirit  
 Makes but Use only of this Life, t' inherit  
 An everlasting Living ; making Friends  
 Of *Mammons* Heaps, got by unrighteous Ends,  
 Which happy Thou standst free from, the more white  
 Sits Honor on thee, and the Cost more bright  
 Thy Noble Brotherhood this Day bestows :  
 Expence is grac'd when Substance follows Shows.  
 Now to no higher Pitch of Praise I'll come ;  
*Love* brought thee forth, and *Honor* brings thee home.

FOR the body of the whole Triumph, with all the proper  
 Graces and Ornaments of Art and Workmanship, the Repu-  
 tation of those rightly appertain to the deserts of Master  
*Garret Crismas*, an Exquisite Master in his Art, and a Performer  
 above his Promises.

FINIS.

ART. XV.—*T. Middleton's "Game at Chess:" his son, Edward Middleton.*

In the Introduction to his reprint of Thomas Middleton's politico-allegorical play, "The Game at Chess," the Reverend Mr. Dyce mentions the existence of a title-page of the drama which purports to have been "printed in 1625:" he adds, that no copies of any such edition are now known. I have a copy of it, and it appears to be nothing more than one of the undated impressions (supposed to be of 1624) with a new title-page. Perceiving that the Shakespeare Society is about to publish a Pageant by Middleton in 1622, of which no other copy has come down to us, I send an exact transcript of the title-page of my edition of the same author's "Game at Chess;" and I have added some new information regarding his son Edward, in order to render the matter relating to this distinguished contemporary of Shakespeare and his family complete.

There is one very curious point connected with the popularity of the "Game at Chess," which my title-page fully establishes, and which has hitherto depended merely upon an old manuscript note in a copy of the drama many years ago sold among Major Pearson's books: that note runs thus:—

"After nine days, wherein I have heard some of the actors say they took £1500, the Spanish faction being prevalent got it suppressed, the chief actors and the poet, Mr. Thomas Middleton, that writ it, committed to prison, where he lay some time, and at last got out upon his petition presented to King James."

This information has been disputed, but the title-page of my edition corroborates it in one essential particular: it asserts, in 1625, that the "Game at Chess" was "acted *nine days together* at the Globe, on the Bankside," the public theatre for which Shakespeare had written. It is certain, therefore, that the first part of the manuscript note on Major Pearson's

copy was correct, for the play was acted nine days in succession ; and perhaps on this very account we ought to hesitate in disbelieving the latter part of the same note, respecting the money taken at the doors, although it has been rejected very uncereemoniously by Malone, whose word the Rev. Mr. Dyce, I think, rather hastily adopts. My title-page, *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, is this :—

“ A GAME AT CHESSE.

As it was Acted nine Dayes together at the GLOBE  
on the *Bank-side*.

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A Game at Chesse is here displayde,  
Betweene the *Blacke* and *White-House* made,  
Wherein Crowne-thirsting Policy  
For the *Blacke-House* (by Falacy)  
To the *White-Knight*, checke, often giues,  
And to some straites, him thereby driues ;  
The Fat *Blacke-Bishop* help's also.  
With faithlesse heart to giue the blow :  
Yet (maugre all their craft) at length  
The *White Knight*, with wit-wondrous strength ;  
And circumspectiue Prudency,  
Giues Checke-mate by Discouery  
To the *Blacke Knight* ; and so at last  
The game (thus) won, the *Blacke-House* cast  
Into the Bagge, and therein shut,  
Finde all their plumes and Cockes-combes cut.  
    Plaine-dealing (thus) by wisdomes guide  
    Defeats the cheats of Craft and Pride.

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Printed. 1625.”

With regard to the extraordinary manner in which the large theatre, the Globe, was filled on the nine successive

representations of the "Game at Chess," and the amount of profit derived from them to the company, nobody seems to have adverted to a passage in Sir W. Davenant's "Playhouse to be Let," which was performed in 1663, and to which date the memory of the money taken at the doors on the repeated performance of "Gondomar" (for so Davenant styles Middleton's drama, from the most prominent character in it) had survived : an actor brings joyful word to some of the other performers in the "Playhouse to be Let"—

"There's such a crowd at doors, as if we had a new play of Gondomar."

This passage affords some confirmation to the notion that, in the whole, £1,500 may have been received in nine days by the company of players, although Malone (Boswell's *Shakspeare*, iii., 177) contends, on merely conjectural *data*, that the "takings" could hardly have been more than £150. This sum seems to be quite as much an under-estimate, as the former may have been an over-calculation.

There is no doubt that Thomas Middleton, the dramatist, had a son named Edward, who was nineteen in 1623, and consequently twenty when the "Game at Chess" was brought out, and when it gave such offence to the Court (on the remonstrance of the Spanish ambassador) that the company was for a time silenced. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his "Account of Middleton and his works," prefixed to his edition of that author's plays, twice mentions Edward Middleton (I. xiii, xl); and yet, when he comes to quote the registers of the Privy Council, which expressly mention Edward Middleton, and call him the son of Thomas Middleton, he inserts "Thomas" between brackets, after "Edward," as if to correct an error of the Clerk of the Privy Council in making the memorandum. It is a pity in these cases that the original sources of information are not referred to; but the truth seems to be that the

Rev. Mr. Dyce copied Chalmers, to whom he refers (Apol. for the Believers 500) in this decided error.

It appears by the records of the Privy Council, that on the 18th August, 1624, a warrant was issued for bringing "one Middleton" up for examination. He "shifted out of the way;" and, as he could not be found, the Privy Council, on 30th August, issued a second warrant, "to bring one Middleton, *sonne to Middleton the poet*, before their Lordships to answer." This was unquestionably Edward Middleton, who could be found, although his father had escaped; and on the very same day we find that Edward Middleton "tendered his appearance;" *i.e.*, voluntarily surrendered himself. The original entry in the registers is in this form:—

"30th August, 1624.

"This day Edward Middleton, of London, Gent., being formerly sent for by warrant from this Board, tendred his appearance; wherefore his indemnitie is here entred into the Register of Counseil Causes. Nevertheless, he is enjoined to attend the Board, till he be discharged by order of their Lordships."

If, therefore, anybody petitioned the king in verse for release (Dyce's Middleton, I., xxxv), it was not Thomas Middleton, the father, but Edward Middleton, the son, who ought not to be confounded by biographers.

T. HORNBY.

London, June 25, 1845.

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ART. XVI.—*The Widow of William Shakespeare.*

There is a peculiarity in the entry of Mrs. Shakespeare's burial in the church books of Stratford-on-Avon, which has hitherto passed unnoticed, but which may not, perhaps, be thought altogether undeserving the attention of those who take an interest in the history of our great poet and his family. The register is written thus :

“1623.      { Mrs. Shakspeare  
August 8.    { Anna Uxor Richardi James.”

Now, there arises a question here, whether the whole of this entry may not relate to the same individual? It was by no means a common thing, at that time, for two persons to be interred at Stratford on the same day; and, in the event of such a case, it is so improbable that both should have been adults; that, being adults, both should have been women; and that, being women, both should have been named Anne, as to impress me very forcibly with a persuasion of their identity. It seems to me much more likely that Mrs. Shakespeare, after the death of her husband, should have forgotten her allegiance to his memory and become Mrs. James, than that such an extraordinary coincidence should have occurred. Besides, what is the object of the bracket that unites the names? The book affords no similar instance of this mode of entry. On every other occasion, when two funerals have taken place on the same day, the date is either repeated, or left blank; as, in the same page, we find—

Sep. 16		Oct. 21		Feb. 3
16		—		—

but this bracketing the names together—supposing Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. James to be different people—is altogether without a parallel. What can be the meaning of this departure from the common rule, unless it was intended to show

that the two names constitute one register? Again, with hardly an exception to the contrary, all the entries on the page are in Latin; and it would not only be difficult to account for the deviation into the vulgar tongue in the case of the poet's widow, but to explain why, unless the whole register referred to one individual, the officiating minister, who described one *Anna*, at full length, as "*Uxor Richardi James*," should have been content without describing the other *Anna* at full length also, as *Vidua Gulielmi Shakspeare*.

But how then is this apparently double entry to be accounted for?—Why thus: the parish books, which now exist, are authentic copies of the original registers. And my conjecture is, that the old documents reported no more than the interment of *Anna James*; but that, as the lady was better known at Stratford as the wife of our great poet, was so commemorated in the epitaph on her gravestone, and lay buried among his family in the chancel of the church, the "*Mrs. Shakspeare*" was inserted by the copyist to indicate that *Mrs. James* was she, and to anticipate the suspicion of a defect in his transcript.<sup>1</sup>

WILLIAM HARNESS.

London, July, 1845.

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare was acquainted with some people named James, as appears from an epitaph on *Elias James*, which is ascribed to him in a MS. book in the Bodleian. His widow, perhaps, married one of the family.

ART. XVII.—*On a passage in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.*

I observe by the late report of the Shakespeare Society, that the members are invited to communicate to the secretary such incidental circumstances as may in any way illustrate the works and life of our great dramatist.

I am thus encouraged to address you for the purpose of communicating a remark lately made to me on a passage in Julius Cæsar, which, so far as I know, has not been noticed by any of the editors.

The passage referred to is the well-known one—

“ You are my true and honourable wife ;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.”—Act ii., sc. 1.

Now, what I wish to call your attention to in this passage is, that it contains, what I cannot view otherwise, than as a distinct reference to the circulation of the blood, which was not announced to the world, as is generally supposed, until some years after the death of Shakespeare. Harvey is supposed to have brought forward his views as to the circulation of the blood in Lumleian Lectures, in 1618, but their actual publication in one of his works was in 1628. There is, however, a manuscript in the British Museum, dated April, 1616, (the very month Shakespeare died) entitled “*De Anatome Universali*,” in which the germ of his great discovery is to be found. Now, granting that the passage in Julius Cæsar will bear the construction I have put upon it, several very interesting questions arise. 1st., Is it not a material fact as to the time when Julius Cæsar was written ? and does it not go far to prove that Mr. Collier is wrong when he places the tragedy so early as 1603 ?—2d., Granting the force of Mr. Collier's arguments as to the date of production, can his opinion be reconciled with a supposition that

Shakespeare had been made acquainted, by Harvey himself, with his first crude notions on the subject?

On this point it may be said, that it is believed that Harvey's first ideas on this subject had their origin while he was a student at Padua from 1599 to 1602, when he returned to England, being then twenty-four years of age. Is it then impossible that Harvey, a young medical practitioner, may have become acquainted with Shakespeare, may have become intimate with him, and may have acquainted him with those great ideas by which he also hoped to become famous? In illustration and support of this, I may remark that there appears to me to run through the whole play of Julius Cæsar a more *medical* spirit than is to be found in any other of his works; as if he had been discoursing with Harvey on the great wonders of the human frame. It is really surprising, too, how often the *blood* is referred to in the course of the play. In several passages, also, reference is made to the influence of bodily ailments upon the intellect and spirits of individuals; and with reference to the more mysterious influence of the mind upon the body, no man of science, fully acquainted with all that is known morally and physically on the subject, could touch upon it with greater accuracy than Shakespeare displays in the 1st Scene of the 2nd Act, when Brutus says—

“ Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
*The genius, and the mortal instruments*  
*Are then in council; and the state of a man,*  
*Like to a little kingdom, suffers then,*  
*The nature of an insurrection.”*

I could say more on this subject, but I have already allowed my observations to run out to a greater length than I intended. What I have advanced may not be new, and may not be true,

but such as it is, I consider that the best I can do with it is to send it to the Society for their opinion. I shall be too happy if I only direct the attention of men much more competent to form an opinion than I am to the subject.

In conclusion, I may remark, that the line which follows the passage in question is curious, although I would not venture to say that it bore a double meaning. Portia says—

“If this were true, then should I know *this secret*.”

THOMAS NIMMO.

New Amsterdam, Berbice,  
16th June, 1844.

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Ingenious as the preceding suggestion of Mr. Nimmo may be, it carries along with it nothing that to my mind can be regarded as satisfactory on the subject. It is surely too loose a conjecture to say, “Is it then impossible that Harvey, a young medical practitioner, may have become acquainted with Shakespeare—may have been intimate with him, and may have acquainted him with those great ideas by which he also hoped to become famous?” Harvey was born in 1578. At the early age of fourteen, he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he studied five years. He then travelled through France and Germany, and fixed himself for some time at Padua, where he graduated in 1602. Here the most celebrated teacher of anatomy was Fabricius de Aquapendente, the discoverer of the valves in the veins, which discovery must be considered to have laid the foundation of Harvey’s doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Harvey was only admitted as a candidate of the London College of Physicians in 1604, and elected a Fellow in 1607. Nothing was known of his discovery until 1616, not 1618, as Mr. Nimmo states, and only then through the medium of his lectures delivered as Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the college.

I know that MSS. are referred to in every biographical sketch of Harvey, in which it is said an account of his discovery is to be found; and a MS. of notes of his lectures in 1616 has been reported to be in the British Museum. I have made particular search for it, and Sir Frederick Madden has been so kind as to render me his assistance; but it is not to be found. The only volume at all like that referred to is one in the Sloane Collection, No. 486, entitled, "Observationes Anatomicae," and dated 1627; but the notes are upon the muscles and nerves, not upon the bloodvessels; and having gone through the whole of the MS., I can affirm that there is not a single passage in it which relates to the doctrine of the circulation. This MS. has the authority of Sir Hans Sloane for being Harvey's, and the writing corresponds with that of Harvey, as seen in a Liber Computorum, in which Harvey's signature is attached to a Bursar's account, passed in 1645, in Merton College, Oxford, and also with a portion of his writing at the Royal College of Physicians: "Money dew out the Exchequer for *my pension*, 21 April, 1642." All Harvey's MSS. were destroyed, either by the pillage of his apartments at Whitehall, or by the great fire of London.

The most correct notions with regard to the circulation of the blood, prior to the time of Harvey, are to be found in the "Christianismi Restitutio" of Servetus, who even speaks of the double elaborated blood which the right ventricle of the heart communicates with the left, "*cum elaborato subtili sanguine, quem dexter ventriculus cordis sinistro communicat*," and he goes on to state that this communication is not made through the middle partition of the heart as was commonly believed; but that the subtle blood was agitated or moved in a highly artificial manner, from the right ventricle of the heart, in a long duct through the lungs—that it was prepared and made bright by the lungs, and transfused by the arterial vein to the venal artery—that it was then mixed with the inspired air in the venal artery, and cleansed from grossness

by expiration: and that thus the whole mixture was finally drawn from the left ventricle of the heart through the diastole, a suitable apparatus, that it be made the vital spirit. "*Fit autem communicatio hæc non per parietem cordis medium, ut vulgo creditur, sed magno artificio a dextro cordis ventriculo, longo per pulmones ductu, agitatur sanguis subtilis: a pulmonibus præparatur, flavus efficitur: et a vena arteriosa, in arteriam venosam transfunditur. Deinde in ipsa arteria venosa inspirato aëri miscetur, expiratione a fuligine repurgatur. Atque ita tandem a sinistro cordis ventriculo totum mixtum per diastolem attrahitur, apta suppellex, ut fiat spiritus vitalis.*"

Other anatomists appear to have been on the confines of the discovery; but not to have developed it. To Harvey alone is due the perfect discovery which has created such extraordinary changes in medical science. Servetus certainly knew the nature of the pulmonic circulation, and he was well acquainted with the manner in which the blood passed from one ventricle of the heart to the other, before it went through the general circulation.

These being the opinions entertained with regard to the distribution of the blood in the time of Shakespeare, are, in my view, sufficient to account for the allusions made by our great bard, as referred to by Mr. Nimmo. There is no evidence given that Shakespeare knew Harvey; and as Shakespeare died in 1616, when the first ideas of Harvey upon the subject were promulgated at the college, he could not, through that medium, have been acquainted with it; but if the date of 1603, as given by Mr. Collier, as the period at which the play of Julius Cæsar was written, be the correct one, it is quite clear that Shakespeare could not have then known Harvey, for he must at that time have been abroad; and whatever may have been his reflections upon the discovery of the existence of valves in the veins, there are no traces in any of his writings to show that he had then entertained any particular views upon the nature of the circulation.

As any suggestion relating to our immortal poet is, in my opinion, worthy of consideration, and ought not hastily to be disposed of, should it be deemed useful to print Mr. Nimmo's communication, this may perhaps serve as an appendix to it, and it is very much at the service of the Shakespeare Society.

T. J. PETTIGREW.

Saville Row, January 13th, 1845.

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ART. XVIII.—*On the Recusancy of John Shakespeare, and on the enclosure of Welcombe Fields.*

In the "Life of William Shakespeare," preceding the edition of his works published by Whittaker and Co., some new and curious evidence is adduced (vol. i., p. 138) on the question of the religious faith of the father of our great dramatist: that evidence establishes that in 1592, contrary to the then existing laws against "jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, and recusants," John Shakespeare abstained from attending Protestant divine worship. "Age, sickness, and impotency of body," as well as the fear of arrest for debt, were held to be adequate excuses for non-attendance once a month, as enacted by the statute; and of course the question arises, as stated by Mr. Collier, whether John Shakespeare forebore to be present at Stratford church for any of these causes, or on account of his religious opinions, which may have been those of the Roman Catholic church. This is a point upon which different conclusions may be formed, although the probability certainly is, for reasons adduced in the work above referred to, that John Shakespeare adhered to the ancient doctrines prevailing in these kingdoms anterior to the Reformation, and did not therefore attend church.

My object in now reverting to the subject is, to call the attention of the members of the Shakespeare Society to a popular proof that many persons, about the period to which we are referring, conformed to the requirements of the law in this respect, although they adhered to the Roman Catholic tenets: a fine of £20 was imposed upon such as without lawful excuse did not attend protestant worship at least once in every month, and the purpose of appointing royal commissioners in 1592 was to ascertain and report upon defaulters, in order that they might be legally proceeded against: those who outwardly conformed were exempted from process; but it appears that the father of our great dramatist did not

condescend outwardly to conform, and it is very possible that he was furnished with a sufficient legal reason for non-attendance at church. The popular proof upon this subject, which I am about to produce, is contained in a satirical ballad, which adverts to many abuses of the period at which it was written, and among others to the manner in which notorious Papists externally obeyed the law, while they really retained their ancient opinions. It is entitled "Few words are Best;" and every stanza of eight short lines concludes with the burden of "I know what I know:" the portion peculiarly applicable to the present question runs thus:—

"There be divers Papists,  
That to save their fine,  
Come to church once a month  
To hear service divine:  
The Pope gives them power,  
As they say, to doe so;  
They save money by't, too,  
But I know what I know."

John Shakespeare "saved his fine," (for it is very clear that he did not pay it) in some other way. It would not be difficult to obtain proofs of a graver kind, that the practice of conformity prevailed to a considerable extent late in the reign of Elizabeth, but this piece of evidence is curious, because it shows that the custom was so ordinary that the writer of a song, to be chanted in the streets and sold for a penny to every passenger, made use of it as an attractive topic.

This ballad may be said to illustrate the life of Shakespeare in another particular, although it applies to a somewhat later date. In 1614 a project was on foot to enclose some common lands in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon, known by the name of Welcombe Fields; and it was opposed by the corporation, and in all probability by Shakespeare, who was in London in the autumn of the year. The ballad before

me may be adduced to establish how distasteful such schemes of enclosure, which were thought to be aimed at the rights of the poor, were at the time it was written, for the stanza immediately preceding the one already quoted is as follows:—

“There be many rich men,  
Both yeomen and gentry,  
That for their owne private gaine  
Hurt a whole country  
By closing free commons;  
Yet they’le make, as though  
’Twere for the common good;  
But I know what I know.”

It is satisfactory to learn that the resistance of the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, with the aid of Shakespeare, was successful, and that the “common fields of Welcome” remained unenclosed. As to the date of the ballad called “Few words are Best,” it may be mentioned that, although it is in black letter, and printed “for the Assigns of Thomas Symcocke” early in the reign of James I., there can be no doubt that it originally came from the press in the time of Queen Elizabeth: a gentleman with whom I am acquainted has a copy of it “printed for E. W.,” i.e., Edward White, who was a bookseller of considerable note before 1590.

DRAMATICUS.

November 14th, 1844.

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ART. XIX. — *On the supposed origin of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

In the "Preliminary Remarks" to "Romeo and Juliet" in Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, vol. vi., p. 4, we find the following paragraph, to which the name of Malone is appended—

"In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, the Pitifull Hystory of ij lovyng Italians, *which I suspect was a prose narrative of the story on which our authors Romeo and Juliet is constructed.*

Until very recently, this memorandum, derived from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, was all that was known of "The Pitiful History of two loving Italians;" and every body has supposed that a prose relation of the incidents on which Romeo and Juliet was founded has been lost. Within the last few months, this has been shown to be a mistake, a copy of the work referred to having been accidentally discovered. It turns out to be a poem upon a totally different story, and it bears the following title, which I copy exactly because the small volume is absolutely *unique* :—

"The pityfull Historie of two louing Italians, Gaulfrido and Barnardo le vayne: which ariued in the countrey of Grece in the time of the noble Emperoure Vaspasian. And Translated out of Italian into Englishe meeter by John Drout, of Thauis Inne, Gentleman. Anno. 1570. Imprinted at London by Henry Binneman, dwelling in Knightrider streete, at the signe of the Mermayde."

As an early specimen of our popular poetry, although the tract does not relate to "Romeo and Juliet," it may not be uninteresting to give a quotation or two from it, especially as the unpoetical name of the author is unknown in our literary history. On the title-page, and at the end of the Dedication

"to the right worshipfull Sir Frauncis Jobson, Knight, Lieutenant of the Toure," he signs himself John Drout, but at the end of the piece we read—

"Finis qd Iohn Grout, gent."

In some commendatory poems at the beginning (which precede even the Preface and Dedication, as if the author were anxious in the first instance to take possession of the good opinion of the reader) he is addressed as Drout, so that we need not feel any hesitation upon the point. As far, too, as regards the general merit of his work, it is not of much consequence whether the writer's name be Drout, or Grout, although there are some curious and observable points connected with it. The laudatory verses are by W. W., by R. W., by T. F., and by T. Smith; and the last writer thus refers to translations of his own, which have not reached our day.

"If that translation his be not  
accompted good to be,  
Mine must be called in agayne,  
as far as I can see."

In "the Preface to the Reader," Drout speaks of some production by the celebrated Thomas Underdowne, which must also have miscarried on its road to posterity, none such being now known. The author enumerates many pairs of friends who had distinguished themselves in history by their fidelity, and who, he adds, are "worthy to be received into the troop, or to be committed amongst the crew which are already rehearsed of Maister Underdowne." As I have said, no existing work by Underdowne seems known, which contains a "rehearsal" of any such "crew."

At about the period when "Gaulfrido and Barnardo" came from the press, novels translated from the Italian, whether in verse or prose, were extremely popular, and it seems doubtful whether Drout did not merely pretend that his poem was a

translation, for the purpose of attracting more attention to it. It certainly does not read like a translation in many places, and it is quite certain that a passage like the following, which speaks of a dance, named after that national hero, Robin Hood, and his mistress, could not be rendered from the original—

“ The minstrell he was called in,  
some pretty jest to play :  
Then Robin Hood was called for,  
and Malkin ere they went ;  
But Barnard ever to the mayde  
a loving looke he lent,  
And he would very fayne have daunst  
with hir, if that he durst,” &c.

This mention of Robin Hood and Malkin, as a popular dance of the time, played by an itinerant minstrel, is curious, and we hear of it on no other authority. At the same time, it is not impossible that Drout here paraphrased the Italian ; and it is to be admitted that in the course of his story he employs some anglicised Italian words : one of these is “ oselly,” which, without precedent, he uses for eyes, and which is obviously from *ocelli*. The whole narrative, with some occasional variations, is in verse, like the above quotation, of fourteen-syllable couplets, divided into a ballad-metre of eight syllables in one line, and six in the next. The incidents relate to the adventures of two friends, who, after long separation, come together in a foreign country unexpectedly : one being supposed guilty of a murder, the other wishes to suffer in his stead, but both are acquitted, on the open and remorseful confession of the real assassin, who stood by during the trial. Then, to make amends for their sufferings, they are invited by the Governor of the place to a ball, where both fall in love with Charina, the Governor's daughter : here ensues a severe struggle between friendship and affection, but the former is triumphant, in consequence of which the lady and both her lovers commit suicide,

and, in the end, not a single person connected with the story is left alive. But that Drout does not seem capable of humour, some parts of his poem read almost as if they were intended, not to imitate, but to burlesque, productions of the class to which it belongs. We give part of a letter from Barnardo to Charina, the heroine, as a specimen of the author's best manner:—

“ My lady deare, in whome  
my lyfe and death is set,  
Refuse me not (I thee desire) ;  
my greefe do not forget ;  
But reade and judge of this  
as you shall thinke it best :  
See how thy fyery flame of love  
abridgth my quiet rest.  
I live, and yet doe dayly dye,  
I wyther as the floure,  
I follow death ; yea, death himselve  
denies to shewe his powre.  
Fayne would I speake to thee, my love,  
to shewe my pyning wo,  
My silly senses disagree,  
eche one I should do so,  
That they myght take theyr rest,  
as they haue done before,  
For that my sorrowes still begin,  
and vexe mee more and more.  
I bathe my breast with dolefull teares,  
I never cease to mone,  
I sigh as doth a wounded deere  
into a place alone ;  
Where as I do on fansies feede,  
thereby to please my mynde,  
Still fayning that I see thy face,  
some ease at length to fynde.”

One peculiarity about this poem deserves especial notice, because I am not aware that it belongs to any other production of a similar description. It is a narrative, but still a sort of dramatic character is given to it by the circumstance, that, in order to save explanation as to who are the speakers, when any one of the persons addresses another, prefixes are employed exactly as in a play: instead of having "quoth Bernardo," or "quoth Gaulfrido," or "quoth the Host," we have *Barn.*, *Galf.*, and *Host.*, inserted in the margin, to indicate where their several harangues begin. Thus the poem is at once narrative and dramatic, a mode of writing unlike either Arthur Broke's "Romeus and Juliet" of 1562, Peter Beverley's "Ariodanto and Jeneura," printed about 1568, or Bernard Garter's "Tragicall and true Historie which happened betwene two English Lovers," 1565, which last was evidently the more immediate prototype of John Drout's "Pityfull Historie of ij Loving Italians."

We rejoice that the sole existing copy has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who is of so liberal a disposition as to allow any use to be made of it that can be advantageous to letters, and five and twenty copies have been printed for private distribution.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Kensington, 28th April, 1845.

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ART. XX. — *Plays acted at Court, Anno 1613 (from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I.)*

In the interleaved Langbaine, in the possession of Edward Vernon Utterson, Esq., (kindly placed by him in the hands of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, for the purpose of publication) the following notes were found in the handwriting of the late Joseph Haslewood. Steevens it appears had transcribed the notes of Oldys upon Langbaine from the transcript made by Dr. Percy from Oldys' own volume, then in the possession of Dr. Birch, by whom it was bequeathed to the British Museum. Steevens's copy subsequently became the property of the late Sir Egerton Brydges, by whom it was lent to the late Mr. Haslewood, who transcribed the whole of the notes with his own hand into an interleaved Langbaine in two octavo volumes.

Of the original Books from whence these notes have been derived, Steevens gives the following account: "The Books from which these notes were taken, with several others now lost, belonged to Secretary Pepys, and afterwards to Dr. Rawlinson, who lent them to Mr. Vertue." The information they supply is of some importance in the chronology of our literature. We hear of "The Tempest" for the *second* time, through these notes,—of several of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher for the *first* time, and of plays mentioned, it is believed, nowhere else.

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"Item paid to William Rowley, upon the Council's Warrant, dated from Whitehall, June 7th, 1613, for himself and the rest of his fellows, the Princes Servants and Players, for presenting before his Highness Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth two several plays, viz: *The First Part of the*

*Knaves*, on the 2nd of March last, and one other play called *The Second Part of the Knaves*, on the 5th day of the same month ..... £13 6 8."

"Item paid to Joseph Taylor, June 28, 1613, for himself and the rest of his company, the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace's Servants and Players, for presenting before the Prince's Highness Count Palatine Elector and the Lady Elizabeth, two several plays, one called *Cockle-de-Moy*,<sup>1</sup> on the 20th February last, and the other called *Raymond Duke of Lyons*, on the first of March following, the sum of ..... £13 6 8."

"Paid to John Hemmings, upon the Councils Warrant, dated at Whitehall 20th of May, 1613, for presenting before the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine Elector, fourteen several plays, viz; *Philaster*; one other call'd *The Knot of Fools*; one *Much Ado About Nothing*; *the Maid's Tragedy*; *the Merry Devil of Edmonton*; *The Tempest*;<sup>2</sup> *A King and No King*;<sup>3</sup> *The Twins Tragedie*; *The Winter's Tale*; *Sr John Falstaff*; *The Moor of Venice*; *The Nobleman*; *Cæsar's Tragedy*;<sup>4</sup> and one other, *Love lies a*

<sup>1</sup> A character in the Dutch Courtezan, a comedy by John Marston, 4to, 1605.

<sup>2</sup> It appears from the MSS. of Mr. Vertue that "The Tempest" was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.—*Malone, Shak. ed.*, 1793, i., 610. (See *Revels at Court*, 210, and *Collier's Shakespeare*, i., 3.)

<sup>3</sup> This was probably the earliest performance at court of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "A King and No King," allowed to be acted, in 1611, by the Master of the Revels.—*Shakespeare by Boswell*, iii. 263. *Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, ii., 233.

<sup>4</sup> It appears from the papers of the late Mr. George Vertue that a play called "Cæsar's Tragedy" was acted at Court before the 10th of April, in the year 1613 [P] This was probably Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, it being much the fashion at that time to alter the titles of his plays.—*Malone Shak., ed.* 1793, i., 599. See also *Collier's Shakespeare*, vii., 5, and *Henslowe's Diary*, 221.

*Bleeding*;<sup>1</sup> all which plays were played within the time of this account: viz., paid the sum of ..... £94 6 8."

"Paid to John Hemmings, upon like Warrant for himself and the rest of his fellows, his Majesty's Servants and Players, for presenting a play before the Duke of Savoy's Ambassador, on the 8th of June, 1613, called *Cardema*, the sum of £6 8 4."

"Item, paid to the said John Hemings, 20th May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz., one play called *A bad beginning makes a good ending*; one other, called *The Captain*;<sup>2</sup> one *The Alchemist*; one other *Cardano*; one other *Hotspur*; one other *Benedicite and Bettris*; all played in the time of this account. Paid 40 pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward 20 pounds more ..... £60

"Item, paid to Philip Rosseter, by Warrant, 24 November, 1612, for himself and the Children of the Queen's Majesty's Revels, for presenting before the Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine, a comedy called *The Coxcomb*.<sup>3</sup> £6 13 4."

<sup>1</sup> "Love Lies a-Bleeding" is the second title of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster."

<sup>2</sup> "The Captain" was acted at Court 20 May, 1613, by the King's Company, under John Hemmings, &c. — *Oldys MS. Note on Langbaine*, 207.

"Oldys states that *The Captain* was 'acted at Court 20 May, 1613, by the King's Comp., under Jn<sup>o</sup> Hemmings,' &c.; but that it had been previously performed elsewhere is evident from the Prologue, which appears to be the original one, and which mentions the 'twelve-pence' paid for admission to the theatre on that occasion." — *Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, iii., 219.

The 20 May, 1613, was the date of the payment to Hemings for the six plays performed at Court, not the date of the actual performance of "The Captain."

<sup>3</sup> According to Oldys (MS. note in Langbaine's Account of Engl. Dram. Poets, 208), "The Coxcomb" was "Acted by Philip Rosseter and the Children of the Queen's Revills in 1613 [altered from "1612"] for w<sup>ch</sup> they had Ten Pounds." This statement is doubtless made on good

"Item, paid the said Philip Rosseter, for presenting two several plays before the Princes Highness, one, the 9th of January, called *Cupid's Revenge*,<sup>1</sup> and the other, *The Widow's Tears*,<sup>2</sup> upon the 20th of February ..... £13 6 8."

"Item, paid to Philip Rosseter, for presenting a play before his Ma<sup>ty</sup>, the 1st day of January, 1613, called *Cupid's Revenge*, paid 20 nobles, and by way of reward, in all five marks more being ..... £10."

Both Steevens and Malone refer occasionally to these Notes under the general name of Mr. Vertue's MSS.; but the Notes themselves and the history of the source from whence they were derived are here printed and pointed out for the first time.

P. CUNNINGHAM.

Hammersmith, 30 July, 1845.

authority; but that it refers to the original production of the play, as Weber and others seem to suppose, appears to be by no means certain.—*Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, iii., 117.

The payment of £6 13s. 4d. to Philip Rosseter, by warrant of 24 November, 1612, is an earlier notice of "The Coxcomb" than that contained in the entry preserved by Oldys.—See the entry of this payment to Philip Rosseter (but without the play being specified) in *Revels at Court*, Introduction, xlii.

<sup>1</sup> "A play called Cupids Reueng" was acted at Court "The Sunday following," New Year's Night, 1611-12.—See *Revels at Court*, printed for the Shakespeare Society, 211, and *Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, ii., 351.

<sup>2</sup> The Widow's Tears, a Comedy by George Chapman, 4to., 1612.

ART. XXI.—“*The Maiden's Dream*,” by Robert Greene; an unknown poetical tract.

What will be considered by all who are acquainted with our early poetical literature a great curiosity, has recently fallen in my way. It relates to Shakespeare's most distinguished contemporary and rival, Robert Greene, the dramatist, who, as your readers will well remember, in 1592, charged Shakespeare with plagiarism, and with having “beautified” himself with the “feathers” of others. It cannot be alleged, therefore, that anything by Robert Greene does not fall within the objects of the Shakespeare Society. I have lately been preparing a life of Thomas Nash, the friend of Greene, compiled from his own productions and from extraneous sources, which I hope soon to present for publication to the Council, if it meet with their approval.

It was in the pursuit of materials that I met with the highly valuable relic I am now about to introduce for the first time to the knowledge of the members. I have been for many years in search of Greene's pieces, and I have at last found one, of which, it seems, nobody else has ever heard: it is a poetical tribute to the memory of Sir Christopher Hatton, who died on the 20th September, 1591, a year before his panegyrist came to his untimely end: excepting the dedication to the wife of Sir Christopher Hatton's nephew, it is entirely in verse, and is certainly a favourable specimen, both of the fancy and of the facility of the writer. It consists of only ten leaves 4to. in Roman letter; and as it will not exceed the necessary limits, I send it with this introduction for insertion in the next volume of “the Shakespeare Society's Papers.”

I have gone over every known catalogue of Robert Greene's numerous and often ephemeral pieces, including that supplied by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A., and prefixed to his re-impression of such works by Greene as he was acquainted

with, and I can discover no trace of that now before me, and it was certainly unknown to Ritson and our literary antiquaries of the last century: Mr. Collier, too, says nothing of it in his "Catalogue Bibliographical and Critical of Early English Literature," privately printed by Lord Francis Egerton in 1837, so that I am persuaded it has escaped all research. The title it bears is "A Maiden's Dream," but, for the sake of completeness, I have enclosed a fac-simile of it, as well as a minutely accurate transcript of the body of the poem. The misprints in it will be easily detected.

It will be observed that the dedication to "the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, wife to the Right Worshipful Sir William Hatton," is subscribed "Ro. Greene, Nordovicensis," affording another proof, if it were needed, that Greene was born in Norwich. It also refers covertly, but interestingly, to the painful circumstances under which Sir Christopher Hatton died, and to the silence of distinguished poets on the occasion, although some "mechanical wits," whose effusions have not survived, had, according to Greene, adopted the event as a theme.

I will take this opportunity of adding a few notes and corrections to the Rev. Mr. Dyce's catalogue of Green's productions, the most complete I know, with the enumeration of some early editions with which he was unacquainted.

There was an impression of "Gwydonius" in 1587, as well as in 1584, the only one noticed by the Rev. Mr. Dyce.

There were reprints of "Pandosto" in 1609 and 1632, not mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, and other bibliographers: this story is the original of "The Winter's Tale."

"The Royal Exchange," 1590, the Rev. Mr. Dyce had "never seen:" he could not therefore know, as I inform him, that it is a mere prose translation from the Italian.

The following is the correct title of the "Third and last Part of Coney-catching:" the title, as given by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, is different in more than a dozen places:—"The Third and

last part of *Connycatching*. With the new deuised knauish arte of Foole-taking. The like coosonages and Villanies neuer before discovered. By R. G. Printed by T. Scarlet for C. Burby and are to be solde at his shop under S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. 1592."

"Greene's Groatworth of Wit," the tract in which he attacked Shakespeare in 1592, was republished in 1596, and in 1620, besides the several editions enumerated by the Rev. Mr. Dyce.

"Ciceronis Amor" was not "first printed," as the Rev. Mr. Dyce informs us, in 1592, but in 1589. There were also re-impressions in 1601 and 1609, of which he takes no notice.

"A Quip for an Upstart Courtier," having first appeared in 1592, was reprinted in 1606; whereas the second edition mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Dyce is of 1615.

"The History of Arbasto," in the edition of 1617, has the following imprint:—"Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Fleet Conduit. 1617." The Rev. Mr. Dyce had met with no edition previous to that of 1626.

I am fully sensible of the value of the Rev. Mr. Dyce's labours, and only point out these defects in his list, that, if he publishes a new edition of Greene's works, he may correct them. I can also show him two productions by Greene, noticed as not having been inspected by him in consequence of their rarity; as well as that strange tract called "Greene in Concept," 4to, 1598, which contains an unnoticed portrait of the old dramatist, and some singular personal and biographical matter.

JAMES P. REARDON.

New Street, June 17th, 1845.

A  
M A I D E N S  
DREAME.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE  
Right Honorable Sir *Christopher Hatton*, Knight, late  
*Lord Chancellor of ENGLAND.*

*By Robert Green, Master of Arts.*

Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for  
Thomas Nelson. 1591.

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*To the right worshipful, bountifull, and vertuous Ladie, the  
Ladie Elizabeth Hatton, Wife to the right Wor-  
shipfull Sir William Hatton, Knight,  
increase of all honorable  
vertues.*

Mourning as well as many (right Worshipfull Ladie) for the losse of the right honorable your deceased Vncle, whose death being the common preiudice of a present age, was lamented of most (if not all), and I among the rest sorrowing that my Countrie was depriued of him that liued not for himselfe, but for his Countrie, I began to call to mind what a subiect was ministred to the excellent wits of both Vniuersities to work vpon, when so worthie a knight, and so vertuous a Iusticiarie had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deseruing highly by some rare men to be



registred. Passing over many daies in this muse, at last I perceiued mens humors slept, that loue of many friends followed no farther then their graues, that Art was growen idle, and either choice schollers feared to write of so high a subiect as his virtues, or else they dated their deuotions no further then his life. While thus I debated with my selfe, I might see (to the great disgrace of the Poets of our time) some Mycanicall wits blow vp mountaines and bring forth mise, who with their follies did rather disparage his Honors than decypher his vertues: beside, as *Virtutis comes est inuidia*, so base report, who hath her tong blistered by slanderous enuie, began, as farre as she durst, now after his death, to murmure, who in his life time durst not once mutter: whervpon, touched with a zealous icalousie ouer his wonderfull vertues, I could not, whatsoeuer discredit I reapt by my presumption, although I did *Tenui Auena meditari*, but discouer the honorable qualities of so worthie a Counsellor, not for any priuat benefit I euer had of him which should induce me fauorably to flatter his worthie partes, but onely that I shame to let slip with silence the vertues and honors of so worthie a knight, whose deserts had bin so many and so great towards al. Therfore (right worshipful Ladie) I drewe a fiction called *A Maidens Dreame*, which as it was *Enigmaticall*, so it is not without some speciall and considerate reasons. Whose slender *Muse* I present vnto your Ladiship, induced therunto, first, that I know you are partaker of your husbands sorrowes for the death of his honourable Vncle, and desire to heare his honors put in memorie after his death, as you wished his aduancement in vertues to be great in his life; as also that I am your Ladiships poore Countriman, and haue long time desired to gratifie your right worshipfull father with some thing worthie of himselfe. Which because I could not to my content performe, I haue now taken opportunitie to shew my duetie to him in his daughter, although the gift be farre too meane for so worshipfull and vertuous a Lady. Yet hoping your Ladi-

shippe will with courtesie fauour my presuming follies, and in  
gratious acceptance vouch of my well meant labours,

I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships humbly at commaund,

R. GREENE, *Nordouicensis*.

#### A MAIDENS DREAME.

Me thought in slumber as I lay and dreamt,  
I saw a silent spring raild in with leat,  
From sunnie shade or murmur quite exempt,  
The glide whereof gainst weeping flints did beat ;  
And round about were leauelesse beeches set :  
So darke it seemed nights mantle for to borrow,  
And well to be the gloomie den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning roabes of blacke,  
Were sundrie Nymphs or Goddesses, me thought,  
That seemly sate in rankes, iust backe to backe,  
On Mossie benches Nature there had wrought :  
And cause the wind and spring no murmure brought,  
They fild the aire with such laments and groanes,  
That Eccho sigh'd out their heart-breaking mones.

Elbow on knee, and head vpon their hand,  
As mourners sit, so sat these ladies all.  
Garlands of Eben-bowes, whereon did stand  
A golden crowne, their mantles were of pall,  
And from their waterie eies warme teares did fall :  
With wringing hands they sat and sigh'd, like those  
That had more grieve then well they could disclose.

I lookt about, and by the fount I spied  
A Knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,  
Booted and spurd, a faulchion by his side ;

A Crowne of Oliues on his helme he had,  
As if in peace and war he were adrad :  
A golden Hind was placed at his feet,  
Whose valed eares bewraid her inward greet.

She seemed wounded by her panting breath,  
Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise :  
Wounds was there none ; it was her masters death  
That drew Electrum from her weeping eies.  
Like scalding smoake her braying throbs out flies :  
As Deere do mourne when arrow hath them galled,  
So was this Hinde with Hart-sicke pains intralled.

Iust at his head there sate a sumptuous Queene :  
I gest her so, for why, she wore a crowne ;  
Yet were her garments parted white and grene,  
Tierd like vnto the picture of renowne.  
Vpon her lap she laid his head a downe ;  
Vnlike to all she smiled on his face,  
Which made me long to know this dead man's case.

As thus I lookt, gan Iustice to arise :  
I knew the Goddes by her equall beame ;  
And dewing on his face balme from her eies,  
She wet his visage with a yearnfull streame.  
Sad, mournfull lookes did from her arches gleame,  
And like to one whom sorrow deep attaints,  
With heaued hands she poureth forth these plaints.

*The Complaint of Iustice.*

Vntoward Twins that tempers human fate,  
Who from your distaffe draws the life of man,  
*Parce*, impartiall to the highest state,

Too soone you cut what Clotho earst began :  
Your fattall doomes this present age may ban,  
For you haue robd the world of such a knight  
As best could skil to balance Iustice right.

His eyes were seats for mercy and for law,  
Fauour in one, and Iustice in the other :  
The poore he smooth'd, the proud he kept in aw ;  
As iust to strangers as vnto his brother.  
Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother,  
For to a Lord, or to the lowest groome,  
Stil conscience and the cawes set down the doome.

Delaying law, that picks the clients purse,  
Ne could this Knight abide to heare debated  
From day to day (that claimes the poor mans curse),  
Nor might the pleas be ouer-long dilated :  
Much shifts of law there was by him abated.  
With conscience carefully he heard the cause,  
Then gaue his doome with short dispatch of lawes.

The poore mans crie he thought a holy knell :  
No sooner gan their suites to pearce his eares  
But faire-eyed pitie in his heart did dwell,  
And like a father that affection beares,  
So tendred he the poore with inward teares,  
And did redresse their wrongs when they did call ;  
But poore or rich he still was iust to all.

Oh ! wo is me (saith Iustice), he is dead ;  
The Knight is dead that was so iust a man,  
And in *Astreas* lap low lies his head,  
Who whilom wonders in the world did scan.  
Iustice hath lost her chiefest lim, what than ?

At this her sighes and sorowes were so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*The complaint of Prudence.*

A Wreath of Serpents bout her lilly wrist  
Did seemly Prudence weare : she then arose.  
A siluer Doue satt mourning on her fist,  
Teares on her cheeks like dew vpon a rose,  
And thus began the Goddesse greeful glose.  
Let England mourn, for why ? his daies are don  
Whom Prudence nurced like her dearest sonne.

(*Hatton*) at that I started in my dreame,  
But not awooke : *Hatton* is dead, quoth she ;  
Oh ! could I pour out teares like to a streame,  
A sea of them would not sufficient be :  
For why, our age had few more wise then he.  
Like oracles, as were *Apollos* sawes,  
So were his words accordant to the lawes.

Wisdome sate watching in his wary eyes,  
His insight subtil if vnto a foe  
He could with counsels Commonwelths comprise :  
No forraine wit could *Hattons* ouergoe ;  
Yet to a frend wise, simple, and no mo.  
His ciuill policie vnto the state  
Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

For Countries weale his counsel did excede,  
And eagle-eyed he was to spie a fault :  
For warres or peace right wisely could he reed :  
Twas hard for trechors fore his lookes to hault ;  
The smooth-fac'd traitor could not him assault.

As by his Countries loue his grees did rise,  
So to his Countrey was he simple-wise.

This graue aduiser of the Commonweale,  
This prudent Councillor vnto his Prince,  
Whose wit was busied with his Mistris heale,  
Secret conspiracies could wel conuince,  
Whose insight perced the sharp-eyed Linx.  
He is dead ! at this her sorrowes were so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

*The complaint of Fortitude.*

Next Fortitude arose vnto this Knight,  
And by his side sate down with stedfast eye[s]:  
A broken Columb twixt her arms was pight.  
She could not weep nor pour out yernful cries:  
From Fortitude such base affects nil rise.  
Brass-renting Goddesse, she cannot lament,  
Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were spent.

Within the Maidens Court, place of all places,  
I did aduance a man of high degree,  
Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces,  
Inserting courage in his noble heart:  
No perils drad could euer make him start,  
But like to *Scævola*, for countries good  
He did not value for to spend his blood.

His lookes were sterne, though in a life of peace;  
Though not in warres, yet war hung in his browes:  
His honor did by martiall thoughts increase:  
To martiall men liuing this Knight allowes,  
And by his sword he solemnly auowed

Thogh not in war, yet if that war were here,  
As warriors do to value honor deere.

Captens he kept and fostered them with fee ;  
Soldiers were seruants to this martiall Knight ;  
Men might his stable full of coursers see,  
Trotters, whose manag'd lookes would som afright.  
His armorie was rich and warlike dight,  
And he himselfe, if any need had craued,  
Would as stout Hector haue himselfe behaved.

I lost a frend when as I lost his life.  
Thus playned Fortitude, and frownd withall.  
Cursed be Atropos, and curst her knife,  
That made the Capten of my gard to fall,  
Whose vertues did his honors high install.  
At this she storm'd, and wrong out sighes so sore,  
That what for grief her tongue could speak no more.

*The complaint of Temperance.*

Then Temperance, with bridle in her hand,  
Did mildly look vpon this liewlesse Cord,  
And like to weeping Niobe did stand :  
Her sorrowes and her teares did wel accord ;  
Their Diapason was in selfe-same Lord.  
Here lies the man (quoth she) that breath'd out this,  
To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest blisse.

No choice delight could draw his eyes awry ;  
He was not bent to pleasures fond conceits ;  
Inueigling pride, nor worlds sweet vanitie,  
Loues luring follies with their strange deceits,  
Could wrap this Lord within their baleful sleights,

But he, despising all, said, man was grasse,  
His date a span, *et omnia vanitas*.

Temperate he was, and tempered al his deedes :  
He brideled those affects that might offend ;  
He gaue his wil no more the raines then needs,  
He measured pleasures euer by the end.  
His thoughts on vertues censures did depend :  
What booteth pleasures that so quickly passe,  
When such delights are fickle like to glasse ?

First pride of life, that subtil branch of sinne,  
And then the lusting humor of the eyes,  
And base concupiscence, which plies her gin :  
These Sirens that doe worldlings stil intise,  
Could not allure his mind to think of vice ;  
For he said stil, pleasures delight it is  
That holdeth man from heauens deliteful blisse.

Temperat he was in euery deep extreame,  
And could well bridle his affects with reason.  
What I haue lost in loosing him then deeme.  
Base death, that tooke away a man so geason,  
That measur'd euery thought by tyme and season.  
At this her sighes and sorrowes were so sore ;  
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

*The complaint of Bountie.*

With open hands, and mourning lookes dependant,  
Bounty stept foorth to waile the dead mans losse :  
On her was love and plenty both attendant.  
Teares in her eyes, armes folded quite acrossse,  
Sitting by him vpon a turfe of mosse,



She sigh'd and said, here lies the knight deceased,  
Whose bountie Bounties glorie much increased.

His lookes were liberall, and in his face  
Sate frank Magnificence with armes displaid :  
His open hands discourst his inward grace ;  
The poore were neuer at their need denaid.  
His careles scorn of gold his deedes bewraid :  
And this he crau'd, no longer for to liue  
Then he had power, and mind, and wil to giue.

No man went emptie from his frank dispose ;  
He was a purse-bearer vnto the poore :  
He wel obseru'd the meaning of this glose,  
None lose reward that geueth of their store.  
To all his bounty past. Ay me, therfore,  
That he should die ! with that she sigh'd so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*The complaint of Hospitalitie.*

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a lim,  
Start vp kind Hospitalitie and wept.  
She silent sate awhile, and sigh'd by him ;  
As one halfe maymed to this knight she crept :  
At last about his neck this Nymph she lept,  
And with her Cornucopia in her fist,  
For very loue his chilly lips she kist.

Ay me! quoth she, my loue is lorn by death ;  
My chiefest stay is crackt, and I am lame :  
He that his almes franckly did bequeath,  
And fed the poore with store of food, the same,  
Euen he, is dead, and vanisht is his name,

Whose gates were open, and whose almes deede  
Supplied the fatherlesse and widowes need.

He kept no Christmas house for once a yeere ;  
Each day his boards were fild with Lordly fare :  
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheare,  
Nor was his bread and beefe kept in with care.  
His wine and beere to strangers were not spare ;  
And yet beside to al that hunger greened  
His gates were ope, and they were there releved.

Wel could the poore tel where to fetch their bread.  
As Bausis and Philemon were iblest  
For feasting Iupiter in strangers stead,  
So happy be his high immortal rest,  
That was to hospitalitie addrest ;  
For few such liue : and then she sigh'd so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

Then Courtesie, whose face was full of smiles,  
And frendship, with her hand vpon her hart,  
And tender Charitie, that loues no wiles,  
And Clemencie her passions did impart :  
A thousand vertues there did straight vp start,  
And with ther teares and sighes they did disclose  
For Hattons death their harts were ful of woes.

*The complaint of Religion.*

Next, from the farthest nooke of all the place,  
Weeping full sore, there rose a nimph in black,  
Seemelie and sober, with an Angels face,  
And sighd as if her heart-strings straight should crak :  
Hir outward woes bewraid her inward wracke.

A golden booke she caried in her hand :  
It was religion that thus meeke did stand.

God wot, her garments were full looslie tucked,  
As one that carelesse was in some despaire :  
To tatters were her roabes and vestures pluckt,  
Her naked lims were open to the aire :  
Yet for all this her lookes were blith and faire ;  
And wondring how religion grew forlorne  
I spied her roabes by Heresie was torne.

This holy creature sate her by this knight,  
And sigh'd out this : Oh ! here he lies (quoth she)  
Liuelesse, that did religions lampe still light ;  
Deuout without dissembling, meeke and free,  
To such whose words and liuings did agree :  
Lip-holines in Cleargie men he could not brooke,  
Ne such as counted gold about their booke.

Vpright he liu'd, as holy writ him lead :  
His faith was not in ceremonies old,  
Nor had he new found toies within his head,  
Ne was he luke-warne, neither hot nor colde ;  
But in religion he was constant, bold,  
And still a sworne professed fo to all  
Whose lookes were smooth, harts pharisaicall.

The brainsicke and illiterate surmisers,  
That like to Saints would holy be in lookes,  
Of fond religions fabulous deuisers,  
Who scornd the Academies and their bookes,  
And yet could sin as others in close nookes :  
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe,  
That rent her robes, and wrongd Religion so.

Ne was his faith in mens traditions ;  
 He hated Antichrist and all his trash :  
 He was not led away by superstitions,  
 Nor was he in religion ouer rash :  
 His hands from heresie he loued to wash.  
 Then, base report, ware what thy tongue doth spred.  
 Tis sin and shame for to bely the dead.

Hart-holy men he still kept at his table,  
 Doctors that wel could doom of holie writ :  
 By them he knew to seuer faith from fable,  
 And how the text with iudgement for to hit ;  
 For Pharisies in Moses chaire did sit.  
 At this Religion sigh'd and green'[d] so sore,  
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*Primate.*

Next might I see a rowt of Noble-men,  
 Earls, Barons, Lords, in mourning weedes attir'd :  
 I cannot paint their passions with my pen,  
 Nor write so queintly as their woes requir'd.  
 Their teares and sighs some Homers quill desir'd :  
 But this I know their grief was for his death,  
 That there had yeelded nature, life, and breath.

*Milites.*

Then came by souldiers trailing of their pikes,  
 Like men dismaid their beuers were adown ;  
 Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes,  
 Yea, war himselfe was in a sable gowne ;  
 For griefe you might perceiue his visage frowne :  
 And scholers came by with lamenting cries,  
 Wetting their bookes with teares fel from their eies.

*Plebs.*

The common people they did throng in flocks,  
Dewing their bosomes with their yernfull teares.  
Their sighs were such as would haue rent the rocks,  
Their faces ful of griefe, dismay, and feares.  
Their cries stroke pittie in my listning eares :  
For why, the groanes are lesse at hels black gate  
Then Eccho there did then reuerberate.

Some came with scrolles and papers in their hand :  
I ghest them sutors that did rue his losse.  
Some with their children in their hand did stand ;  
Some poore and hungrie with their hands acrosse.  
A thousand there sate wayling on the mosse :  
*O pater Patriæ !* stil they cried thus,  
Hatton is dead, what shal become of vs ?

At all these cries my heart was sore amoued,  
Which made me long to see the dead mans face ;  
What he should be that was so deare beloued,  
Whose worth so deepe had won the peoples grace.  
As I came pressing neere vnto the place,  
I lookt, and though his face were pale and wan,  
Yet by his visage did I know the man.

No sooner did I cast mine eie on him,  
But in his face there flasht a ruddie hue ;  
And though before his lookes by death were grim,  
Yet seemd he smiling to my gazing view,  
(As if, though dead, my presence still he knew) :  
Seeing this change within a dead mans face,  
I could not stop my teares, but wept a pace.

I cald to minde how that it was a knight  
That whilome liu'd in Englands happie soile :

I thought vpon his care and deepe insight,  
For countries weale his labour and his toile  
He tooke, least that the English state might foile ;  
And how his watchfull thought from first had been  
Vowed to the honor of the maiden Queene.

I cald to minde againe he was my friend,  
And held my quiet as his hearts content :  
What was so deare for me he would not spend ?  
Then thought I straight such friends are seldom hent.  
Thus still from loue to loue my humor went,  
That pondering of his loyaltie so free,  
I wept him dead that liuing honord me.

At this Astræa, seeing me so sad,  
Gan blithly comfort me with this replie.  
Virgin (quoth she) no boote by teares is had,  
Nor doth laments ought pleasure them that die.  
Soules must have change from this mortalitie ;  
For liuing long sinne hath the larger space,  
And dying well they finde the greater grace.

And sith thy teares bewraies thy loue (quoth she)  
His soule with me shall wend vnto the skies ;  
His liuelesse bodie I will leaue to thee :  
Let that be earthde and tombde in gorgeous wise.  
He place his ghost amongst the Hierarchies ;  
For as one starre another far exceeds,  
So soules in heauen are placed by their deeds.

With that, me thought, within her golden lap,  
(This Sun-bright Goddess smiling with her eie)  
The soule of Hatton curiously did wrap,  
And in a cloud was taken vp on hie.  
Vaine Dreames are fond, but thus as then dreamt I,

And more, me thought I heard the Angels sing  
An Alleluia for to welcome him.

As thus attendant faire Astrea flew,  
The Nobles, Commons, yea, and euerie wight.  
That liuing in his life time Hatton knew,  
Did deepe lament the losse of that good knight.  
But when Astrea was quite out of sight,  
For grieve the people shouted such a screame,  
That I awooke and start out of my dreame.

*FINIS.*

ART. XXII.—*Will of Cowley the Poet: extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.* 104 Carr.

Cowley's last essay in his printed works is entitled "Of Myself." It is very beautiful, with a tone of individual melancholy throughout—fresh and pleasing at the fiftieth reading. It is well known: not so his *last essay of all*—his will, which I have had the good fortune to discover in the poet's own handwriting, in that rich field of biographical information, the Prerogative Will-office of the Court of Canterbury. Sprat makes a direct reference to it in the first paragraph of the poet's life; yet such has been the penury of research displayed by the several writers who have undertaken to exhibit in detail the few events of the poet's life, that it has been hitherto altogether overlooked. To lessen the reproach of neglecting the *last essay* of a poet and prose writer of Cowley's quality, I have had the will transcribed from the original for the pages of the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

I have only to subjoin, in addition to the notes appended to the will, that Cowley died on the 28th July, 1667, and that the will (occupying two sides of a foolscap sheet of paper) was proved by the poet's brother on the 31st of the following August.

P. CUNNINGHAM.

Hammersmith, 22 August, 1845.

#### TESTAMENT.<sup>1</sup>

In the name of God Almighty, to whom bee for ever all glory, Amen. I, ABRAHAM COWLEY, of Chertsea, in the county of Surrey, beeing at present by God's mercy in perfect health and understanding, and well considering the uncer-

<sup>1</sup> This is the endorsement in Cowley's handwriting.



tainty of human life, most especially in these tymes of sicknes and mortality, doe, in attendance of God's blessed pleasure concerning my life or death, make and declare this my last Will and Testament as followeth. I humbly recommend my soule to that greate God from whom I had it, beseeching him to receive it into his bosome for the merits of his sonne, the saviour of sinners, amongst whome I am one of the greatest, and my body to the earth, from whence it came, in hopes of a happy resurrection. O Lord, I believe, help my unbelief, O Lord, I repent, pardon the weakness of my repentance.

All my worldly goods, moneys and chattels, I bequeath to my brother Thomas Cowley,<sup>1</sup> whome I doe hereby constitute my sole heyr and executor, hee paying out of y<sup>t</sup> estate, w<sup>ch</sup> it has pleased God to bestowe upon me, much above my deserts, these ensuing Legacies.

I leave to my neveu — Cowley (if hee bee yet alive) ten pounds. To my cosen Benjamin Hind, towards his education in learning, fifty pounds; To my cosen — Gauton, of Nutfield, in Surrey, for y<sup>e</sup> same use of his eldest sonne, fifty pounds; To my cosen Mary Gauton, twenty pounds; To Thomas Fotherby, of Canterbury, Esquire,<sup>2</sup> one hundred pounds, w<sup>ch</sup> [I] beseech him to accept of as a small remem-

<sup>1</sup> For his three brothers, he always maintained a constant affection: and having survived the two first, he made the third his heir.—*Sprat's Life of Cowley*.

His brother lived in the *King's Yard*, i.e., the King's Arms Yard in the city. Letter from Cowley to Evelyn, Chertsea, May 13, 1667, in *Evelyn's Memoirs*, 4to. ed., vol. 2, p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> Uncle of Martin Clifford, of the Charter House. Cowley acquired his friendship at Trinity College, Cambridge. "This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous society; and principally of your uncle, Mr. Fotherby, whose favours he since abundantly acknowledged, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation."—*Sprat's Life of Cowley*, in a letter to Martin Clifford.

brance of his ancient kindnes to mee; To Sir Will Davenant, twenty pounds; To Mr. Mart Clifford,<sup>1</sup> twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Sprat, twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Cook,<sup>2</sup> twenty pounds; To Dr. Charles Scarburgh,<sup>3</sup> twenty pounds; To Dr. Thomas Croyden, twenty pounds; To my mayd, Mary (besides what I ow her, and all my wearing linen) twenty pounds; To my servant, Thomas Waldron, ten pounds and most of my wearing clothes at my brother's choise; To Mary, my brother's mayd, five pounds; To the poore of the town of Chertsea, twenty pounds.

I doe farther leave to the Honorable John Hervey,<sup>4</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> Of Martin Clifford, usually called *Mat Clifford*, little is known. Wood mentions, in his manuscript additions to his own copy of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that he was a Lieutenant in Thomas Earl of Ossory's regiment, in 1660; for which he quotes *Merc. Pub.*, p. 510. He was elected from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge, made Master of the Charter House, 17th Nov., 1671, and died 10th Dec., 1677.—*Malone's Life of Dryden*, p. 95.

He is said to have had a hand in "The Rehearsal," performed for the first time on the 7th Dec. 1761; and to have been the author of "Four Letters" on Dryden's Poema, printed in 4to., 1687—ten years after his death. The last letter is dated Charter House, July 1, 1672.

Sprat wrote the Life of Cowley in the form of a letter to his friend, Martin Clifford.

<sup>2</sup> He (Mr. Cowley) told me the last time that ever I saw him \* \* of which his friend, Mr. Cook, is a witness.—*Sprat's Life of Cowley*.

<sup>3</sup> Soon after his return to London, he was seized by some messengers of the usurping powers, who were sent out in quest of another man; and being examined, was put into confinement, from which he was not dismissed without the security of a thousand pounds, given by Dr. Scarborough.—*Johnson's Life of Cowley*.

To Dr. Scarborough one of the Pindaric odes is addressed. Wood says he wrote a poem on Cowley's death, which he had sought for in vain.

<sup>4</sup> John Hervey, of Ickworth, Treasurer of the Household to Catherine, queen of Charles II., ob. 18th Jan., 1679-80. "The first

Ickworth, Esquire, my share and interest in his Highnes the Duke of York's Theater,<sup>1</sup> And to y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of St Albans, my Lord, and once kind Master, a Ring of ten pounds, onely in memory of my duty and affection to him, not being able to give anything worthy his acceptance, nor hee (God bee praised) in need of any gifts from such persons as I.

If any thing bee due to mee from Trinity College,<sup>2</sup> I leave it to bee bestowed in books upon y<sup>t</sup> library, and I leave besides to Doctor Robert Crane, Fellowe of y<sup>e</sup> said College, a Ring of five pounds valed, as a small token of o<sup>r</sup> freindship.

I desire my dear friend, M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Sprat, to trouble himselfe w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> collection and revision of all such writings of mine (whether printed before or not) as hee shall thinke fit to be published, Beseeching him not to let any passe which hee shall iudge unworthy of the name of his friend, and most especially nothing (if any thing of y<sup>t</sup> kind have escaped my pen) w<sup>ch</sup> may give the least offence in point of religion or good manners. And in consideration of this unpleasant task, I desire him to accept of my Study of Books.<sup>3</sup>

occasion of his entering into business was the elegy that he wrote on Mr. Hervey's death. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Hervey, the brother of his deceased friend; from whom he received many offices of kindness through the whole course of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord St. Alban's."—*Sprat's Life of Cowley*.

Mr. Hervey's mother was Susan Jermyn, daughter of Sir Robert Jermyn, of Rushbrook, grandfather to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's.

<sup>1</sup> Cowley's Comedy, "Cutter of Coleman Street," was acted at the Duke's Theatre for the first time on the 16th Dec., 1661. (See Pepys under that date.) The poet's friend, Sir William Davenant, was the patentee of the Theatre.

<sup>2</sup> Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Cowley in his will recommended to my care the revising of all his works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those papers

This I declare to bee my last Will and Testament. Lord have mercy upon my soul. Written by my own hand, signed and sealed, at Chertsea, this 28th day of September, 1665.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Signed and sealed in  
the presence of

*Thomas Waldron.*<sup>1</sup>

The mark of † *John Symonds,*  
Wheelwright of Chertsey.

which he had designed for the press. And he did it with this particular obligation, *That I should be sure to let nothing pass, that might seem the least offence to religion or good manners.* A caution which you will judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly, in all ancient or modern times, there can scarce any author be found, that has handled so many different matters in such various sorts of style, who less wants the correction of his friends, or has less reason to feel the severity of strangers.—*Sprat's Life of Cowley.*

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Waldron, the poet's man-servant. See the body of the will.

ART. XXIII.—*Early notice of Shakespeare's play of Henry the Eighth.*

According to Mr. Collier's Shakespeare, vol. v., p. 497, the play of Henry VIII. was in all probability produced early in the year 1604; and the balance of evidence is certainly in favour of such an opinion. I have nothing to add to the information so ably digested in that work; but it seems to be worth recording that, as late as the year 1628, this play was sufficiently popular to be "bespoken of purpose" for representation before the Duke of Buckingham. If Mr. Collier's date be right, this was at least twenty-four years after its first production. The following passage occurs in a letter from Robert Gell to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated August 9th, 1628, preserved in MS. Harl., 383:—

"On Tuesday, his Grace was present at the acting of King H. 8. at the Globe, a play bespoken of purpose by himself, whereat he stayed till the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded, and then departed. Some say he should rather have seen the fall of Cardinall Woolsey, who was a more lively type of himself, having governed this kingdom 18 yeares, as he hath done 14."

The latter part of this note seems to imply that the argument of the play was generally known, and we may infer that it was then popular. Notices of this kind are so rare, that the present may be perhaps considered worth preservation in the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Islip, July, 1845.

ART. XXIV.—*A few words on the line in Hamlet, act i., sc. 2, as regards "too, too."*

In Article X., in the first volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, Mr. Halliwell has suggested a new reading of the line in Hamlet—

"Oh! that this too-too solid flesh would melt."

I am inclined to think, and I believe I may say that other lovers of our poet will coincide in my opinion, that, supposing Mr. Halliwell's reading to be what Shakespeare intended, but which I cannot at all believe, it will be a long, very long time before it becomes the generally received opinion of the mass of the lovers of Shakespeare.

I am induced to offer these remarks upon the ground, that every fresh idea relating to Shakespeare requires to be amply discussed before it is expected to be the adopted opinion; and with the view that these few lines may not be without some service to our Society, I state my objections to the new reading.

Upon reading the line—

"Oh! that this too-too solid flesh would melt"—

I cannot help feeling that Shakespeare intended to write *too, too*, as printed by the modern editors of his works; and my reason is that too-too, of which the generally conceived meaning is *exceedingly*, does not sufficiently express the intensity of Hamlet's feelings upon the marriage of his mother with his uncle: it is the repetition of the word *too*, that conveys to the heart the strongly excited feelings under which Hamlet is suffering at the union which had taken place so soon after his father's death. Of course, the pronunciation remains the same, but in my opinion the beauty of the line *completely* depends upon the reiteration of the same word. He must be a very

indifferent observer of nature who can read this line and not feel how extremely sensitive Hamlet was: it is not merely that he means to express "the melting of this solid flesh" as a thing not to be dreamt of in philosophy, but it is the heart-rending anguish, the strongly excited emotion, that causes the expression—

"This too—too solid flesh would melt."

Then, after having read the line thus, suppose we read it according to the new style—

"Oh! that this too-too solid flesh would melt"—

making tootoo as one word: how very meagre, how very insignificant the expression seems! it conveys to the mind no feeling of any intense passion; it passes without leaving any idea of the extreme difficulty that Hamlet had to reconcile himself to this most unnatural union; and therefore it does not impress upon the mind the beauty of the language.

Whatever Shakspeare intended—and I do not at all consider that the authorities quoted are a convincing proof of what the reading should be—there can be very little, if any doubt which reading expresses most decidedly to the mind the full meaning of what Hamlet intended. He is dissatisfied at what has taken place, and in the strongest language expresses himself to that effect.

The introduction of the comma has very little to do with the meaning of the expression, for in fact I do not approve of it; the comma does not allow Hamlet sufficient time to feel what he says; nothing less than a pause gives the full meaning of the expression, and causes the necessity of the repetition. To read it with due feeling it should be—

"Oh! that this too—too solid flesh would melt."

Hamlet wishes to express how very insufficient his flesh is to bear up against this act; not on account of its being *very* solid, but because it is *too*, MUCH *too* solid to admit of the least pos-

sibility of its melting: he knows all this, and therefore this repetition conveys more fully than any single word can do the extreme anguish of his mind.

I cannot see how any reader of Shakspeare can for one moment suppose, that this beautiful reading of the most perfect composition that has emanated from our delightful poet will be given up for one which, it is evident, is directly opposed to the feelings and intentions of Hamlet's mind. I will assume that even if this new reading be the correct one, no person, I dare venture to say, will make use of it to the detriment of one of the most beautiful lines of the play: how strongly the original reading conveys to the mind what Hamlet felt, and how very weak would the line appear according to the fresh reading!

It will be as well, before I close this article, to consider how far the authorities quoted by Mr. Halliwell afford any proof of this innovation, as it has been very justly termed, being a correct one, and which will be acceptable to the general readers. In all of these quotations there does not seem to be any close resemblance to the meaning of the word as made use of by Hamlet: it is impossible, from the few words quoted of each, to ascertain the direct meaning, but it appears to me that there is a very great difference between "too—too," as used by Hamlet, and "too-too," as used by the authors whose works are quoted in Mr. Halliwell's observations: it is not only the similarity of the word in form, and that does not always agree, but it is whether the meaning corresponds. The word, as used by Hamlet, is not the mere expression of *very solid flesh*, but he wants to express how much *too* solid is his flesh to admit of any chance of its melting agreeably to his wishes, and which the words *very*, or *exceedingly*, would not at all convey: now, there is no proof of such expression being necessary in any of the works quoted, but it might have been used by one or two, although not in the same sense as



Shakspeare; for instance, the lines in Herrick's Works, i., 143—

“Had Lesbia, too—too kind, but known  
This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own.”

*Too—too* here will either bear the interpretation of *very*, or too—too kind; and again, the lines in Hudibras are still more capable of this reading—

“And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,  
But Martin was too too politic.”

In this line, *too-much too politic* will be as good as *Martin was exceedingly politic*; and it may be that Butler used the second *too* to make out the measure, the single *too* being a more desirable reading than either.

I have merely mentioned these instances to show that it does not follow, as a matter of course, that one author intends to convey the same meaning as another by this word; and I certainly do not think that sufficient reason has been given to compel us to alter the sense of Shakspeare's line, which it certainly appears to me we should do by this new reading: at all events, the force of the expression will be altered by it.

As a lover of Shakspeare, and a well wisher to the Society, I have been induced to write these few lines, which I hope may act as

“confirmation strong  
As proof of holy writ——”

of the meaning of “too—too” as used by Hamlet.

J. HINTON BAVERSTOCK.

August 24, 1845.

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ART. XXV. — *An unknown work by Thomas Lodge, the early dramatist; with some extracts from his Defence of Stage-plays.*

Thomas Lodge, the author of the novel on which Shakespeare founded his "As you like it," seems to have abandoned the composition of plays about the time that our great dramatist was rapidly rising into notice: everybody knows that Lodge's friend, Greene, enviously assailed Shakespeare in 1592; and the extraordinary success of a rival may have been a strong inducement with Lodge to take up some other line of writing, or to adopt a different profession. His two dramas, one of which he wrote alone and the other in conjunction with Greene, were first printed in 1594; but from Henslowe's Diary, p. 23, there is every reason to suppose that the latest was in a course of performance in 1591, and there is little doubt that the first was produced still earlier, and very soon after Marlowe had introduced blank verse upon the public stage. My business is not with these, because they have both been reprinted of late years, but to present the character of Lodge in an entirely new light, and to notice a work by him, with the existence of which bibliographers have been hitherto unacquainted.

The readers of the Introduction to the Shakespeare Society's reprint of Nash's "Pierce Penniless's Supplication" will be aware, that that celebrated author in 1593 and 1594 turned his attention from his contest with Harvey, and his attack upon Martin Marprelate, in order to write "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," which went through three editions. Lodge seems to have been encouraged by this success to try his hand at a similar species of composition, although, like Nash, all his productions up to that period had been of a very different complexion. This is a new feature in the biography of Lodge, but the tract is now before me which establishes the

fact. Like Nash's "Christ's Tears," it is entirely in prose, and seems written, in some sort, in imitation of its predecessor: it bears the following title:—

"Prosopopeia, containing the Teares of the holy, blessed, and sanctified Marie, the Mother of God.

"Luke 2. And moreover, the swoord shall pearce thy soule, that the thoughts of many hearts may be opened.

"London, Printed for E. White. 1596."

The authorship of Thomas Lodge is ascertained, not merely by his well-known initials (often used by him, and those of no other writer of his day) at the end of the dedication, to the Countesses of Derby and Cumberland—

"Your Honors most bounden,

"T. L."

but by internal evidence. In a preliminary epistle "To the Readers," he thus refers to the character of his earlier productions, for the stage and for mere amusement, contrasted with that he now presented.

"Some will condemn me, and that justly, for a Galba (who begat foule children by night, and made fayre pictures by daie); to whom I answere, that I paint fair things in the light of my meditation, who begot the foule forepassed progenie of my thoughts in the night of mine error."

His "foul forepassed progeny" consisted of his plays, his novels, and his amorous poems. He then notices an extremely popular work by Robert Southwell, which had come out in the preceding year, 1595, and which was often afterwards reprinted, "St. Peter's Complaint and Mary Magdalen's funeral Tears," as a precedent in favour of the new manner of writing he had adopted:—

"For other have wept (as Peter his apostacie, Marie her losse and misse of Christ), their teares wrought from them

either for repent or love. But these teares of Marie the blessed are not onely ratified by a motherlie compassion, a working charitie, and unstayned love, but a manifest prophesie."

And he ends with another allusion to the evil tendency of his previous labours :—

"At last, after I have wounded the world with too much surfet of vanitie, I may bee, by the true Helizeus, cleansed from the leprosie of my lewd lines, and, being washed in the Jordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithfull.

"Yours, T. L."

The work is a small 8vo., and in the whole consists of sixty-one leaves; but as there is nothing remarkable in the body of it, I am not going to trouble the reader with more than a brief extract or two, to show the style in which it is composed. One passage is as follows :—

"The naturalists write that bats have weake sight, because the humor cristalline, which is necessarie for the eie to see with, is translated into the substance of the wings to flie with; whereupon they have leatherne winges, and so for their flight sake have lost their sight, because that is subtracted from the eies, which is employed in the wings. These bats betoken these proud neglecters, who by how much the more they strive to flie, by so much more are they deprived of the grace of the diuine light; because all their intention, which ought to be in consideration of heauenly things, is translated into the feathers of ambition, so that all their thought is how they may ascend by degrees the steps of dignitie, not descende in imitation of thee to the bosome of humilitie."

Lodge concludes in these terms :—

"Thus plagued in bodie, and distressed in soule, sate poor Marie (a holy and happie virgin) enacting hir grieve with her

armes, when she had ouerforced both her tongue and eies with compassion ; briefly, her paine and impatience beeing so great as her wordes could not expresse it, hir desires so importunat, as they exceeded all her delights. The image of her grieffe before her, and the damage of her losse within her, she sowned on the senselesse earth, and being conueied to her oratorie by the holy assistance, the sacred bodie of Christ was bound vp and borne to the sepulchre."

Among Lodge's earliest pieces, the publication of which he professes to lament in his "*Prosopopeia*," 1596, was a "*Defence of Stage Plays*," which could not have been printed later than 1580. It was an answer to Stephen Gosson's "*School of Abuse*," which came out in 1579, and of which a reprint was issued in 1841 by the Shakespeare Society. Of Lodge's "*Defence*," two copies only have come down to us, and both appear to be in the library of an individual who, for some unexplained reason, is unwilling that the work should be republished. They formerly belonged to Mr. Heber, and during his lifetime he lent me one of them, from which, with his leave, I made some extracts, though I had not time to have the whole transcribed. As it seems very improbable that a third copy should turn up, and quite as unlikely that the Shakespeare Society will be able to obtain the use of either of the two in existence, a few quotations from one of them, derived from my MS. miscellany of old English literature, may be acceptable. Should our Society at any time be able to supply the deficiencies, by a reprint of the whole of Lodge's "*Defence*," the passages I now furnish will by no means supersede it.

I should premise that there is no title-page to either known copy of Lodge's "*Defence of Stage Plays*:" it seems that the public authorities objected to its publication, and procured it to be forbidden—a circumstance that will account for its scarcity, and for the mutilation we have noticed. In reading the subsequent extracts from it, it will be necessary to

bear in mind some points of "the School of Abuse," already in the hands of the members of our Society.

"Demostenes thoughte not that Phillip should overcome, when he reprocured hym, nether feared Cicero Anthonies force, when in the Senate hee rebuked hym. To the ignorant ech thinge that is unknowne semes unprofitable, but a wise man can foresee and prayse by prooffe. Pythagoras could spy oute in womens eyes two kind of teares, the one of greffe, the other of disceit; and those of iudgement can from the same flower suck honey with the bee, from whence the spyder (I mean the ignorant) take their poison. Men y<sup>t</sup> have knowledge what comedies and tragedis be wil commend them, but it is sufferable in the folish to reprove that they know not, becaus ther mouthes wil hardly be stopped. Firste, therfore, if it be not tedious to Gosson to harken to the lerned, the reder shal perceive the antiquity of playmaking, the inventors of comedies, and therewithall the use and comoditye of them; so that in the end, I hope my labor shall be liked, and the learned wil soner conceive his folly. For tragedies and comedies, Donate the grammarian sayth, they wer invented by lerned fathers of the old time to no other purpose but to yeelde prayse unto God for a happy haruest, or plentifull yeere: and that thys is trewe, the name of tragedye doeth importe; for if you consider whence it came, you shall perceive (as Iodocus Badius reporteth) that it drewe his original of Tragos, Hircus, and Ode, Cantus (so called); for that the actors thereof had in rewarde for theyr labour a gotes skynne fylled wyth wyne. You see, then, that the fyrste matter of tragedies was to give thankes and prayses to God, and a gratefull prayer of the countrymen for a happye haruest; and this I hope was not discommendable, I knowe you will judge is farthest from abuse. But to wade farther, thys fourme of invention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was used did decay, and the world grew to more perfection, so y<sup>e</sup> witt of the younger

sort became more riper, for they, leaving this fourme, invented an other, in the which they altered the nature but not the name: for for sonnets in prayse of y<sup>e</sup> Gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many exiles, the miserable fal of haples princes, the ruinous decay of many countryes; yet not content with this, they presented the lives of Satyers, so that they might wiselye, under the abuse of that name, discover the follies of many theyr folish fellow citesens: and those monsters were then as our parasites are now adayes, suche as with pleasure reprehended abuse.

As for commedies, because they bear a more pleasanter vain, I wil leave the other to speake of them. Tully defines them thus: *Comedia* (saith he) is *Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, et imago veritatis*; and it is sayde to be termed of Comai (amongste the Greekes), whiche signifieth Pagos, and Ode, Cantus; for that they were exercised in the fielde: they had their beginning wyth tragedies, but their matter was more plesaunt, for they were suche as did reprehend, yet *quodam lepore*. These first very rudely were inuented by Susarion Bullus, and Magnes, two auncient poets, yet so that they were maruelous profitable to the reclamyng of abuse: whereupon Eupolis with Cratinus, and Aristophanes began to write, and with ther eloquenter vaine and perfection of skil, dyd more seuerely speak agaynst the abuses then they: which Horace himselfe witnesseth; for, sayth he, ther was no abuse but these men reprehended it: a thefe was loth to be seene on there spectacle; a coward was neuer present at theyr assemblies; a backbiter abhord that company; and I my selfe could not haue blamed you (Gosson) for exempting your selfe from this theater: of troth, I should haue lykt your pollicy. These, therefore, these wer they that kept men in awe; these restrayned the unbridled cominaltie, whereupon Horace wisely sayeth—

“Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore;  
Oderunt peccare mali, formidine penæ.

The good did hate al sinne, for vertues loue ;  
 The bad for feare of shame did sin remoue.

“ Yea, would God our realme could light uppon a Lucillius ! then, should the wicked bee poynted out from the good ; a harlot woulde seeke no harbor at stage plais, lest she shold here her owne name growe in question, and the discourse of her honesty cause her to bee hated of the godly. As for you, I am sure of this one thing, he would paint you in your player’s ornaments, for they best became you.” \* \* \*

This conclusion may be considered curious, because it establishes, in connexion with some other passages, that Gosson, who ended life as a divine, and as the rector of St. Botolph, Aldgate, began it not merely as a writer, but as an actor of stage-plays. Lodge afterwards proceeds :—

“ But I wyll deale with you verye freendlye, I wil resolute everi doubt that you find : those instrumentes which you mislike in playes grow of auncient custome ; for when Rossius was an Actor, be sure, that as with his tears he moued affections, so the Musitian in the Theater before the entrance did mournefully record it in melody (as Seruius reporteth). The actors in Rome had also gay clothing, and every mans aparel was apliable to his part and person : the old men in white, the rich men in purple, the parasite disguisedly, the yong men in gorgeous coulours ; ther wanted no deuise nor good iudgment of y<sup>e</sup> comedy, whence I suppose our players both drew ther playes and fourme of garments. As for the apointed dayes wherin comedies wer shoven, I reede that the Romaines apoynted them on the festiual dayes, in such reputation were they had at that time. Also Iodocus Badius will ascertain you that the actors for shewing pleasure receued some profite ; but let me apply those dayes to ours, their actors to our players, their autors to ours. Surely we want not a Rossius,



nether ar ther great scarsity of Terrences profession ; but yet our men dare not nowe a dayes presume so much as the old Poets might, and therefore they apply ther writing to the people's vain ; wheras, if in the beginning they had ruled, we should now adaies haue found smal spectacles of folly. But (of truth) I must confes with Aristotle, that men are greatly delighted with imitation, and that it were good to bring those things on stage, that were altogether tending to vertue : all this I admit, and hartely wysh ; but you say, unlesse the thinge be taken away, the vice will continue : nay, I say if the style were changed, the practise would profit ; and sure I thinke our theaters fit, that Enuius seeing our wanton Glicerium may rebuke her : if our poetes will nowe become severe, and for prophane things write of vertue, you I hope shoulde see a reformed state in those thinges, which I feare me, yf they were not, the idle hedded commones woulde worke more mischief. I wish as zealously as the best, that all abuse of playinge weare abolished ; but for the thing, the antiquitie causeth me to allow it, so it be used as it should be. I cannot allow the prophaning of the Saboath ; I praise your reprehension in that ; you did well in discommending the abuse, and surely I wysh that that folly wer disclaymed : it is not to be admitted ; it makes those sinne, whiche perhaps if it were not, would haue binne present at a good sermon. It is in the Magistrate to take away that order, and appoynt it otherwyse ; but sure it were pittie to abolish y<sup>t</sup> which hath so great vertue in it, because it is abused." \* \* \* \*

When Whetstone, in his "Mirror for Magistrates of Cities," 1584, expressed an opinion against the performance of plays on Sundays, he only repeated what had been said by Lodge and others ; but nevertheless it was long before the abuse was entirely remedied, audiences on the Sabbath being so numerous and profitable. Lodge next notices what Gosson had stated regarding plays of which he was himself the author.

“ But after your discrediting of playmaking, you salve upon the sore somewhat, and among many wise workes there be some that fitte your vaine: the practise of parasites is one which I mervel it likes you so well since it bites you so sore; but sure in that I like your iudgement, and for the rest too, I approue your wit; but for the pigg of your own sow (as you terme it), assuredly I must discommend your verdit. Tell me, Gosson, was all your owne you wrote there? did you borow nothing of your neyghbours? out of what booke patched you out Cicero's oration? whence fet you Catalins inuectiue? Thys is one thing, *alienam olet lucernam, non tuam*. So that your helper may wisely reply upon you with Virgil:—

“ Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

I made these verses, other bear the name.

“ Beleue me, I should preferr Wilsons, shorte and sweete, if I were iudge, a peece surely worthy prayse, the practise of a good scholler: would the wiser would ouerlooke that, they may perhaps cull some wisdomes out of a player's toy. Well, as it is wisdomes to commend where the cause requireth, so it is a poynt of folly to praise without deserte: you dislike players very much; theyr dealings be not for your commodity; whom if I myghte aduise, they should learne thys of Iuuenal—

“ Vivendum est recte, cum propter plurima, tum his

Præcipue causis: ut linguas mancipiorum

Contemnas. Nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.

We ought to leade our liues aright, for many causes moue:  
 Espesially for this same cause, wisdomes doth us behoue;  
 That we may set at nought those blames, which seruants to us  
 lay,  
 For why, the tongue of euil slaue, is worst as wisemen euer say.”

Much cannot be said in praise of Lodge's translation, though he afterwards became a very smooth and practised versifier,

to say nothing of higher qualities of poetry. Other scraps are interlarded, all accompanied with an English version ; and after Lodge has touched lightly upon " carders, dicers, fencers, bowlers, dauncers, and tomlers," he adverts to Gosson's recommendation that the Queen should lay a tax upon theatres, and concludes in these very loyal terms :—

" Because I think myselfe to haue sufficiently answered that I supposed, I conclude wyth this. GOD preserue our peacable princes, and confound her enemies. GOD enlarge her wisdom, that like Saba she may seeke after a Salomon : GOD confounde the imaginations of her enemies, and perfit his graces in her, that the daies of her rule may be continued in the bonds of peace, that the house of the chosen Israelites may be maynteyned in happinesse : lastly, I frendly bid Gosson farwell, wysHINGE him to temper his penn with more discretion."

The quotations I have above given of course afford but a very imperfect notion of Lodge's answer to Gosson, but they show the style in which it is written, and may satisfy the curiosity of the members of the Shakespeare Society, until they have before them a complete copy of the work.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Kensington, August 8th, 1845.

END OF VOL. II.

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FREDERICK SHOBEKL, JUNIOR,  
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,  
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.







